

New Oxford Item.

H. I. SMITH, EDITOR.

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PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

WM. McCLEAN, WM. ARCH McCLEAN
Late Pres. Judge.

WM & WM. ARCH McCLEAN
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW, Gettysburg, Pa. Office
on west side of Baltimore street, third
door from Centre Square.

J. L. BUTT,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Gettysburg, Pa. Office
with J. A. Kitzmiller, on second floor of pan-
gler building on Baltimore street. Prompt at-
tention given to settlement of estates of de-
ceaseds, minors, etc.; also, to conveying, liens
and collections.

J. A. KITZMILLER,

Successor to H. B. Woods, Esq. ATTORNEY
AT-LAW AND REAL ESTATE OFFICE, 100 moved his
office to the second story of Springer's build-
ing, Baltimore street, Gettysburg, Pa. recent-
ly occupied by H. B. Woods, Esq. Will attend to
collections and all other business entrusted to
him.

G. J. BENNER,

ATTORNEY AT-LAW, Gettysburg, Pa. Office
on Baltimore street, in room formerly occu-
pied by Dr. Brennenman's Drug Store.

WM. P. QUIMBY,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Adams Co., Pa. Office
with Hon. David Wills, southeast corner of
the Diamond.

D. McCONAUGHY'S

Law, Loan and Real Estate Office, No 13 Bal-
timore St., 1st door, 2d floor, Gettysburg, Pa.

In connection with the practice of Law will
do a Real Estate and Loan Business. Sale
books opened to all desiring to buy Real Es-
tate, without charge for reference. Both par-
ties desiring to make and parties desiring
obtain loans will receive prompt attention.
Attention given to Pension claims under
Act of June 27, 1890, and all other acts, and
other claims against the U. S. Government.
Also, can furnish desirable investments
paying above 6 per cent. guaranteed. Apply
personally or by letter to
D. McCONAUGHY, Gettysburg, Pa.

J. L. WILLIAMS,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Gettysburg, Penna.
Collections and all legal business promptly
attended to. Office on Baltimore street, with
S. McSwope, Esq., opposite the Court house.

WM. McSHERRY, JR.,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Gettysburg, Adams
county, Pa. Will carefully and promptly at-
tend to all legal business entrusted to him.
Office opposite the Court-house.

S. S. NEELY,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Gettysburg, Pa. Office
on York street, next door to Gettysburg National
Bank.

THE ITEM,

as an advertising medium, cannot be
excelled in the county. An investment
of a small sum in an advertisement in
its columns will bring in big returns.
Try it and be convinced of its merits.

HOTELS

EAGLE HOTEL, New Oxford,

GEORGE SUNDAY,
Proprietor. House thoroughly refitted and re-
furnished. The bar stocked with choice wines,
liquors and cigars, while the table will be sup-
plied with the best delicacies the market af-
fords. Ample stabling. 21 Jan 90.

NATIONAL HOUSE, East Berlin.

WM. SUNDAY, Proprietor.
Permanent and transient boarding at reasonable
rates. Bar stocked with choice wines, liquors
and cigars. Extensive stabling and an attentive
hostler. 22 Jan 90.

CENTRAL HOTEL, Gettysburg,

Second door from Court House.
Having purchased, remodeled and refitted the
above well known Central Hotel, I take pleasure
in asking you to call and give me a trial.
Special rates to jurors and persons attending
court. Satisfaction guaranteed, as I am con-
fident that you will again patronize me after
giving me a trial. Table supplied with all the
market affords. Respectfully,
JAMES O. McCAVITT, Prop'r.

Hotel Columbus, McSherrystown,

J. H. McMASTER, Proprietor.
Newly furnished throughout. First-class in
every respect. Convenient to all business
places. Large sample rooms, good stabling
and an attentive hostler. Moderate charges.

NATIONAL HOTEL, Littlestown.

Geo. W. Riddle, Proprietor.
At the Railroad, on Baltimore street. First-
class in every respect. Convenient to all the
business places. Large sample rooms. Good
stabling and attentive hostler. Moderate rates.

Go to

Geo. A. Klingel's

BARBER SHOP!

for a clean shave and a good Hair Cut. Razors
sharpened and cleaned at the lowest price.
Shop on Hanover street, next to O. A. Smith's
music store.

HELP! HELP! HELP!

Having purchased the Eagle Hotel Barber
Shop, I would be pleased to have all persons de-
siring

AN EASY SHAVE

and a good hair cut, to give me a call. Razors
sharpened and cleaned at the lowest price. Shop
on N. E. Angle Court Square, between First office
and Eagle Hotel.

HARRY KEHN,

BARBER.

Blank Receipts

Neatly Printed and Bound
for sale cheap at this office.

WARWICK THE WINNER.

Republicans Elect Their Candidate for Mayor of Philadelphia.

PHILADELPHIA, Feb. 20.—All indications
point to the election of Charles P. War-
wick as mayor of this city by a majority
estimated at from 50,000 to 60,000 over
Robert E. Pattison, the ex-governor of the
state. William J. Roney, the Republican
candidate for receiver of taxes, has evi-
dently been largely cut by his party, but
his majority over Colonel Sylvester Bon-
naffon, the Democratic and reform candi-
date, is estimated at 40,000. Twelve police
magistrates, eleven select councilmen and
seventy-nine common councilmen have
been elected, and present indications are
that the Republicans have these offices.

The most sanguine of the Republican
leaders did not hope for a majority higher
than 35,000 or 40,000, while Governor Pat-
tison yesterday expressed himself as con-
fident that he would be elected by about
20,000 plurality.

That the Pennsylvania Democracy—the
faction opposed to the leadership of Na-
tional Chairman Harrity—cut Pattison is
indicated by the fact that the Twelfth
ward, which usually goes Democratic,
gave Warwick 400 majority.

The Municipal League made a strenuous
effort to prevent fraud, and had watchers
employed in nearly every one of the al-
most 1,000 divisions in the city. It also
notified every election officer that any one
caught signing an election return before
the polls closed would be prosecuted and
sent to jail.

The returns came in very slowly, but in
fifteen wards out of the thirty-seven there
was a majority of 25,000 for Warwick.
These same wards gave Hastings 35,000
over Singler in the late gubernatorial
election, when the total municipal major-
ity was 85,000.

The greatest interest was manifested in
this election, as it long since assumed the
shape of a desperate fight against the Re-
publican "combine," headed by David
Martin and Senator Charles A. Porter.
The "throwing down" by these leaders of
Senator Penrose just before the conven-
tion, at which it was generally supposed he
would be nominated, created a great deal
of disaffection among Republicans, and
led to the open breach between Senator
Quay and the leaders of the "combine."

The returns from the Eighth ward—Sen-
ator Penrose's ward—show a majority for
Warwick of 1,007. Hastings' majority in
the ward last November was 1,898.

IN OTHER PENNSYLVANIA CITIES.

Harrisburg—This city has never seen a
less exciting municipal election than that
of yesterday. A hot vote was polled and
comparatively little interest was taken by
either party. Business was practically
suspended at the capitol, as with few ex-
ceptions, the heads of departments and
their assistants went home to vote. Gov-
ernor Hastings, however, was at his post,
his candidates at Bellefonte being sure of
election.

Lancaster—The election here was for
councilmen and school directors. The Re-
publicans carried every ward but the
Eighth. They elected 24 out of 27 com-
mon councilmen and the selectmen in the
Fifth, Sixth and Seventh wards. The inter-
est has always been Democratic. Each party
elected six school directors. The propo-
sition to increase the city debt \$170,000 was
defeated.

Tunkhannock—A tight vote has been
polled in this county, owing to the bad
roads. The election of E. J. Jordan and
James H. Codington, Republican candidates
to fill the unexpired term of Myron B.
Wright in the present congress and the
full term in the fifty-fourth congress, re-
spectively, is assured.

Pittsburg—The election here passed off
quietly, with a light vote cast. The only
contest of any consequence was that over
the issue by the city of \$475,000 worth of
bonds for street improvements water ex-
tension, sewers, etc. The indications are
that the bond issue has been agreed to by
at least 15 to 1.

Sauabus—The Republicans in Sauabus
and East Sauabus boroughs have elected
a majority of councilmen. The other bor-
ough offices are still in Sauabus doubt.
The proposition to increase the city debt
\$10,000 by 10 votes. East Sauabus voted
for electric light.

Hazleton—The vote in this city is very
close, but the indications are that the fol-
lowing having been elected: Altmiller
(rep.) for mayor, Geisinger (rep.) for treas-
urer, Jacobs (dem.) for controller. The
township clerk is Republican.

Reading—Reading voted a propo-
sition to borrow \$1,000,000 for permanent im-
provements by a majority of 1,500. The
Republicans will have a majority of about
three on joint ballot in the next council.
Chambersburg—The Republicans elected
their borough clerk by 75 majority, and
carried every ward except the Third, where
the Democrats elected the assessor and
school director.

Carlisle—The Middle Democrats gain
one councilman, making that body Demo-
cratic by a majority of 9 to 3. The Repub-
licans elected their candidates for assessor
and auditor.

Erie—The election in Erie for council
and school directors resulted in a majority
in both for the Republicans. The govern-
ment is entirely Republican now.

Wilkes-Barre—Frank M. Nichols was
re-elected mayor of Wilkes-Barre by 900
plurality. He was a non-partisan candi-
date.

MURDERER GENTRY ARRESTED.

Found Lying Unconscious on a Doorstep
From Exhaustion and Exposure.

PHILADELPHIA, Feb. 18.—Madge Yorke,
a soprano singer with the "Baggage Check"
company, was shot and almost instantly
killed by James P. Gentry, a comedian of
Collier's "Back Number" company, at
Zeiss's hotel, last night. Madge Yorke's
real name is Miss Drysdale. Gentry had
been her accepted lover, but she had jilted
him for another. This led to the tragedy.

PHILADELPHIA, Feb. 20.—James B. Gen-
try, the murderer of Madge Yorke, the
actress, was found unconscious on a door-
step at Thirty-third and Columbia avenue
shortly before 1 o'clock this morning. A
patrol wagon was summoned, and he was
taken to the German hospital, where he
soon afterwards regained consciousness,
disclosed his identity, and acknowledged
himself the murderer.

An examination by physicians revealed
two incised wounds, penetrating the lungs.
Gentry explained these by saying that he
had attempted to commit suicide by stab-
bing himself with a pen-knife, but the
knife broke or he would have persisted in
his attempt. He had \$9 on his person, but
said he had had nothing to eat for two days
except snow, because he was afraid to go
anywhere. He had been wandering about
the park since Sunday night, and had
fallen in the corner where was found from
sheer exhaustion.

Gentry is also suffering from a com-
pound fracture of the skull, and is se-
verely bruised and wounded. These in-
juries, he says, he got in jumping from
the fire escape in the rear of Zeiss's hotel
after the commission of the crime. The
physicians at the hospital say that he is in
a very dangerous condition.

In one of his pockets were found two tel-
egramms, signed "Madge." One of these
said: "Will meet you in New York; unable
to come today on account of rehearsal."
The other told him that she would be in
Chester, Pa., on the 14th inst. and in Phil-
adelphia on the 16th. Both were signed:
"With love, Madge."

ANOTHER MINE FATALITY.

Five Men Dead and Six May Die as the
Result of an Explosion.

ASHLAND, Pa., Feb. 18.—An explosion
of gas which will probably result in the
death of at least eleven miners occurred
yesterday in the West Bear Mine mine,
at Mahanoy Plane. Five men were taken
out dead and six so seriously injured that
their lives are despaired of.

The dead are: Peter Kline, aged 40
years, of Ashland, leaving a widow and
six children; Joseph Pitts, aged 30, of
Girardville, unmarried; Thomas Durr, 31,
aged 35, of Girardville, leaving a widow;
Bernard Reed, aged 30, Mahanoy Plane,
widow and five children; Peter Gronbeck,
aged 40, of St. Clair, widow and four
children.

The seriously injured are: W. Minnich
and William Goff, of Ashland; Anthony
Meyers and Edward Davis, of Girardville,
and John Laney and William Davis, of
Mahanoy Plane. Besides these several
other miners were badly burned, but it is
hoped that they will recover.

A gang of men was engaged in driving
an air course when they broke through
into a breast containing a large volume of
gas. This was ignited by the lamps the
men carried, and a terrific explosion fol-
lowed, setting fire to the timbers in the air
course, and causing a general stampede
among the miners employed in that sec-
tion.

Pardoned by Michigan's Governor.

LANSING, Mich., Feb. 20.—Governor
Rich, upon recommendation of the pardon
board, issued a pardon yesterday for Har-
old O. Henderson, convicted of burglary
and sentenced to the state prison for im-
prisonment. Henderson is a civil engineer,
a graduate of Yale and has wealthy parents
in California, who have not heard of their
son's disgrace. Henderson, while calling
upon a married woman, was attacked by
her husband, and in his eagerness to escape
jumped through a window. He had in his
possession the woman's watch, and the
husband had him arrested for burglary.
For fear of blasting the wife's reputation
Henderson would not claim his presence
in the house, and was convicted. He has
served two years of prison.

Killed by a Bursting Gun.

SANDY HOOK, N. J., Feb. 20.—Freemont
P. Beck, first lieutenant of the ordnance
corps, was killed at the proving ground
yesterday afternoon by the bursting of a
breach of a 4-inch rapid fire gun. That of a
47-inch Hotchkiss rapid firing gun was
under way, and the gun was fired at
amusement had been fired by Lieutenant
P. Beck. As the gun was fired the
projectile burst in the chamber, and the
gun burst and the lieutenant was killed.
The gun was fired by the first lieutenant,
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THE CHILEANS.

PROUD AND ARROGANT MEN
AND PRETTY WOMEN.

Class Distinctions Are Finely Drawn—
The Home Life Is Exclusive—
How They Dress—Peculiarities of the People.



IN Chile class distinctions are marked. There are three classes among her inhabitants. The ruling class is pure white, descended from the Spanish conquerors of the land as Americans are descended from the former English possessors of America. The lower class is a mixed race, combining the blood of the Spaniards and the Araucanians. The mixed people are called peons, in English. They constitute the bulk of the population, and do the laborious and menial work. In the third class are the Araucanians pure and simple. There are 50,000 of the savages in the country. They yield a ready obedience to the laws when they leave their wilds for civilization, and they can be impressed into the army if desired. They are fierce, cruel, and tireless fighters.

Nearly all travelers who write of Chile fail to distinguish sufficiently between the Chilean of pure Spanish, or, at least, white blood, and the mixed class. That is one reason why Americans have such wrong impressions of the people. The Chileans are as white as we are, and nearly as numerous as the peons, whom they treat imperiously. There are naturally many of the lower class whose admixture of Indian blood is very small and who are nearly white. For that, however, he unfortunate must suffer.

The Chileans are a proud race, arrogant, pretentious and fond of display. There is much of their Spanish forefathers about them. They have acquired in the brisk climate an energy not Spanish, but have retained a love of ease and a carelessness or slovenliness with their work which is traceable directly. They have kept their Spanish beauty. They are not stunted in stature to the degree noticeable in the descendants of Spaniards in other South American countries, probably another result

and rosy. The bright-eyed conductors seldom retain their places long. When one becomes a conductor she might as well order her trousseau and be done with it.

The great street of Santiago is the Alameda, a boulevard with a central garden of trees, adorned with statuary, and with roadway on either side. There are many fine residences along the street, as there are also in the interminable streets which run to right and left, always crossing at right angles, and occupying great areas of ground.

The Chilean house is something of a fortress. It has indications of the old Spanish house built about it, with many original features. It is built around one or more courtyards, and is shut off from the street by heavy doors and sometimes by iron gates besides. A blank wall is all that is presented from the street. The outsider gets no glimpse of the charming home-like scene within, of the orange trees blooming in the courtyard, of the curious angles, far-projecting roofs, quaint turnings and twistings, carved rafters, nail-studded doors, and other comfort-suggesting features of the truly interesting structure. An exceedingly inhospitable building is the Chilean family home. It offers no welcome to the stranger, and little even to the acquaintance, for social lines are drawn much more tightly in Chile than they are here.

The well-to-do and poorer Chileans live in more modest dwellings of the same general plan. It remains to the peons, the half-breeds, to live in wretched sheds and hovels, jammed together in frightful and filthy dens. But it may be that travelers unwittingly exaggerate the poverty of the peons. Doubtless well-to-do Chileans who visit New York write home thrilling descriptions of Hester street.

Most of the dwelling houses are built of adobe or sun-dried brick for the first story. If there be a second story it is often of cane, the whole plastered with mud and colored and ornamented. But few houses have more than one story, for Chile is a land of earthquakes. Although common and of constant occurrence, earthquakes are not regarded as either dangerous or unpleasant. Many private houses are of large size, covering 400 or 500 feet square of ground, and accommodating three generations of a family with dining rooms, which will seat sixty at table. Many have architectural pretensions, and are decorated with elaborate mouldings and marble slabs. But stucco is depended upon,

are the mixed people, the peons, who have Indian blood. The women are dark skinned, with straight black hair, and are homely after they pass the age of rosy cheeks. They dress coarsely and are vulgar in their manners. Both men and women acknowledge the superiority of the whites. The whites in turn treat them like slaves. A Chilean will not thank a peon for a service.



A WOMAN CAR CONDUCTOR.

The military atmosphere is everywhere. The officers are bold, arrogant fellows who know their tactics by heart and are accustomed to command. The Peruvian war showed that they were intrepid and fearless soldiers as well as brainy tacticians. The common soldiers, the peons, are stocky, sturdy, powerful, brutal, fearless. They love fighting, and they have no fear of death.

Large and expensive barracks and military schools are now in course of erection in Santiago, for the Chileans mean to cultivate the art of war. The Chileans are close students of European armies, tactics and systems. Of the other institutions Santiago has her share. She has an extensive public school system, galleries of art, scientific collections and societies, a national college of a high order, schools of law and medicine, and the like. With its electric lights and telephones and telegraph systems, you would not know Santiago from an American city. Eight newspapers are published daily. Besides large banks the city has every necessity or luxury attendant on the highest and most complex state of civilization.

Valparaiso, the port and business center of Chile, on the Western slope of the Cordillera de la Costa, is very different from Santiago. It is essentially an English city. It is large, of no particular beauty, and with something of a cosmopolitan air. It has clubs and a large English population. Germans, too, are very numerous. A great deal of wealth is centered in the town and invested in its enterprises and business projects. English is spoken everywhere. One can hardly get along without it in Valparaiso. For that matter, English is well understood throughout the country. The time was when Paris was the city upon which all eyes were fixed. Paris is yet the Chilean's ideal in matters of dress and art, but London is all else to Chile, and it may be said that it is a nation of Anglo-maniacs, although there is not any aping of the English to a perceptible degree. English is taught in the schools, and when the children are old enough to go abroad they are taken to London. Of course they visit Paris, too.

Social life is more formal in Chile than with us. Society distinctions are drawn more definitely. The great families of the nation live apart in a small world of their own. Family counts for much. The chief social functions are the dinner party and the reception. Even in the middle classes there is not that joyous freedom of social intercourse which we know. The young man who falls in love must be content with unsatisfactory tete-a-tetes in crowded ball rooms. He must apply to the girl's parents and obtain permission to address the daughter before he is granted any additional liberty. Lovers are never permitted to meet alone until they have been married.

Chilean women of the upper class exhaust the vocabularies of travelers. They are exceedingly slender and graceful, almost always with rich dark complexions, long, soft, and jet black hair and black eyes under long drooping lashes. They speak the soft Spanish language with softer voices than their fair American sisters of the northern hemisphere. They are educated carefully. Many of them speak English, and a few speak French.

Traveling in Chile is rapid and comfortable. The railroads are well constructed and the rolling stock is of the best. Express trains make almost as good time as they do in the United States. Parlor cars are common on the principal roads. The number of travelers is amazing in a nation of 3,000,000 people. The usual explanation is that the lower classes are restless folk, never satisfied with one place, always wanting change. The idleness of their Spanish progenitors and their Indian shiftlessness make the peons roving good-for-nothings, but always happy. They will never work long at a job. As soon as they have something ahead they knock off and spend it.

The country districts abound in grand scenery and bits of pleasant and odd rural life. The grape country and the

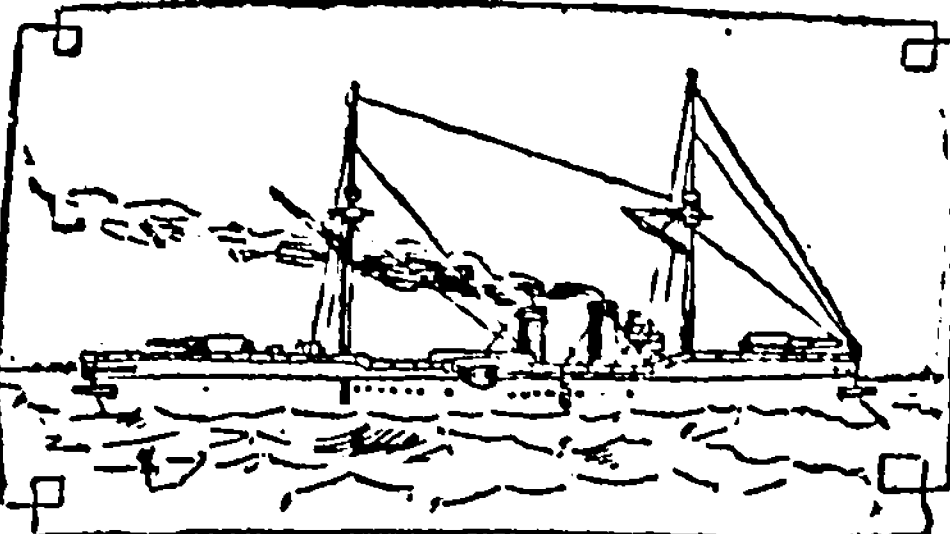
wine presses interest the traveler, for wine is becoming an important product of the land, and is securing a demand abroad. The great grazing districts, with their vaqueros, or Indian cowboys, and their rodeos, or roundups, as our ranchmen term the periodic stock accounting, and the great forest tracts, with their interesting Indian inhabitants, are much talked of by travelers. Amazing tales, too, are told of the game in the southern forests and of the savage pumas which make life exciting for the mountaineer of the warmer regions.—New York Sun.

Chile's War Fleet.

In January, 1880, the Chilean war fleet included three ironclads and one deck protected cruiser, ten first class and two second class torpedo boats, two corvettes, three rams, two dispatch vessels, two transports, four gunboats and four sailing vessels.

The Esmeralda is an old boat, but a magnificent cruiser. She was built for the Chilean Government in England at a cost of \$1,500,000. She was chartered by the British Government in 1885, when England was involved in trouble with Russia, but returned afterward to Chile. She was badly battered up in the Chilean war with Peru, but was repaired and restored to her primal glory. The Esmeralda is a protected cruiser and one of the best war ships afloat.

A formidable addition to the Chilean navy will be the Capitan Prat, now nearing completion in France, and expected to prove one of the most powerful war vessels ever constructed.



THE CHILEAN WARSHIP CAPITAN PRAT.

In addition to these there are one iron clad of steel, 6000 tons; three deck protected cruisers, also of steel, and two torpedo gunboats.

Two years ago there were five rear-admirals, fifty-nine captains, and 160 other officers. There were 1609 common sailors, all thoroughly drilled men. There is a Naval College at Valparaiso with an average attendance of 100 cadets.

The fact that there has been a civil war in Chile changes somewhat the statistics of the army and navy, turning the National Guard and all local war organizations into one active body trained for service.

Woman's Newest Walk.

The New York correspondent of the Savannah News says: Why will not women be at least natural in their gait, if art cannot teach them to do better than amble and mince and shamle and strut? The feminine methods of locomotion seen on Broadway and Fifth avenue are unnatural enough to be agonizing. If naturally ungraceful in walking—and walking well is a native gift—why, be at least graceful and fully at ease. But to be ungraceful so that every on-looker sees you are miserable and long to walk some other way is a public infliction.



THE LATEST FASHIONABLE GAIT.

The poor pantomime donkey who straightened his back and stiffened his tail and tried to look everything else but a donkey at the Clown's "Shoulder Arms, Jimina," deserved some credit. Poor dumb beast! But won't the ladies please stop the current which seems fast carrying us back to the days of the Grecian bend and Alexandra limp?

Lemons at Funerals.

In 1878 I was called upon to officiate (for a neighbor) at a funeral in a Lancashire (England) town. The relatives, working people, but not poor, desired me to attend at the house before the procession left it. I found the company drinking lemon-juice, mixed with warm water, sweetened and spiced. The vessel was a large two-handled pot mug, and the rind of the lemon was wreathed from handle to handle. I found it would have been a great offense to refuse to drink of it. A similar custom in Yorkshire is noticed in the Gentleman's Magazine, 1798.—Notes and Queries.

HOUSEHOLD AFFAIRS.

HOW TO MAKE BREAD.

After twenty years' practical experience in handling dough I have no hesitancy in saying that for making bread of the choicest quality—bread that is sweet, nutty-flavored and nutritious—there is no simpler, easier or better method than the one I follow, writes Emma P. Ewing. This is the formula:

To each pint of luke-warm wetting, composed of sweet milk and water mixed in equal proportions, I add half a tea-spoonful of salt and a half-ounce cake of some reliable compressed yeast, thoroughly dissolved in a little cold water, and stir in flour with a wooden spoon until a dough is formed of sufficient consistency to be lifted in a mass from the mixing bowl to the moulding board, where I work in flour until it becomes smooth and elastic and ceases to stick to the fingers or the moulding board. I then put the dough into a warm, well-greased earthen bowl, brush lightly with melted butter, cover with a bread towel and blanket and set to rise for three hours or until light, when I form it into loaves or rolls, put in greased pans, brush and cover as before and set to rise for an hour or until light.

Put these loaves in an oven whose temperature is about 380 degrees, or in which a spoonful of flour will brown nicely in two minutes, and when thoroughly baked take them from the oven, remove from the pans and place in such position as will expose the greatest amount of surface to the fresh air and allow any gas or steam that may be in them to escape and thus prevent their sweating and becoming soft.

Dough that is made with good flour and yeast and mixed and kept at a temperature of seventy-five degrees—which is the correct temperature for perfect bread-making—will almost invariably become light in a mass in three hours after being set to rise the first time and in loaves in one hour after being set to rise the second time, and will usually be ready to bake in four hours from the time the yeast is mixed with the flour. A loaf of bread weighing from a pound and a quarter to a pound and a half, to be thoroughly baked, requires to remain in the oven when at the proper temperature from forty-five to sixty minutes.

I never use sugar or grease in bread, as they both detract from the quality and flavor, but people who persist in having their bread and rolls "shortened" with butter or lard, stated approximately, as one measure of wetting and three and a half or three and three-quarters measures of flour; and a pint of wetting, which weighs a pound, is usually sufficient to make dough enough for two loaves of bread that will weigh from a pound and a quarter to a pound and a half each, according to the brand of flour used.—Chicago News.

SALSIFY.

This excellent winter vegetable, says Eliza R. Parker in the Courier-Journal, is not as generally used as it should be. It is not only nourishing and wholesome, but is very palatable, and may be prepared in a variety of ways. From its similarity in flavor to the oyster, it is called oyster plant, and when made into soup or fried in butter is quite similar to fresh oysters. It is not at all difficult to cultivate, and may be left in the ground and dug as wanted, or taken up in the fall and stored away in the cellar for winter use.

Salsify Soup—Take one dozen salsify roots, scrape, and cut into slices; cover with boiling water, and boil slowly one hour; add a quart of milk. Rub two tablespoonfuls of flour and one of butter together, add a little mace and nutmeg; stir into the soup; let boil up once, and serve.

Stewed Salsify—Scrape and wash clean, cut in pieces, and soak in cold water fifteen minutes; drain, put in a saucepan of boiling water add a tea-spoon of salt, and boil fifteen minutes. When done drain, put in cold water, while making sauce. Put on: tablespoonful of butter in a frying-pan, let melt, add one tablespoonful of flour, and mix until smooth, add half a pint of milk, and stir until it boils; pour in half a cup of the water in which the salsify was boiled, season with salt and pepper, put in the salsify, let heat, and take up.

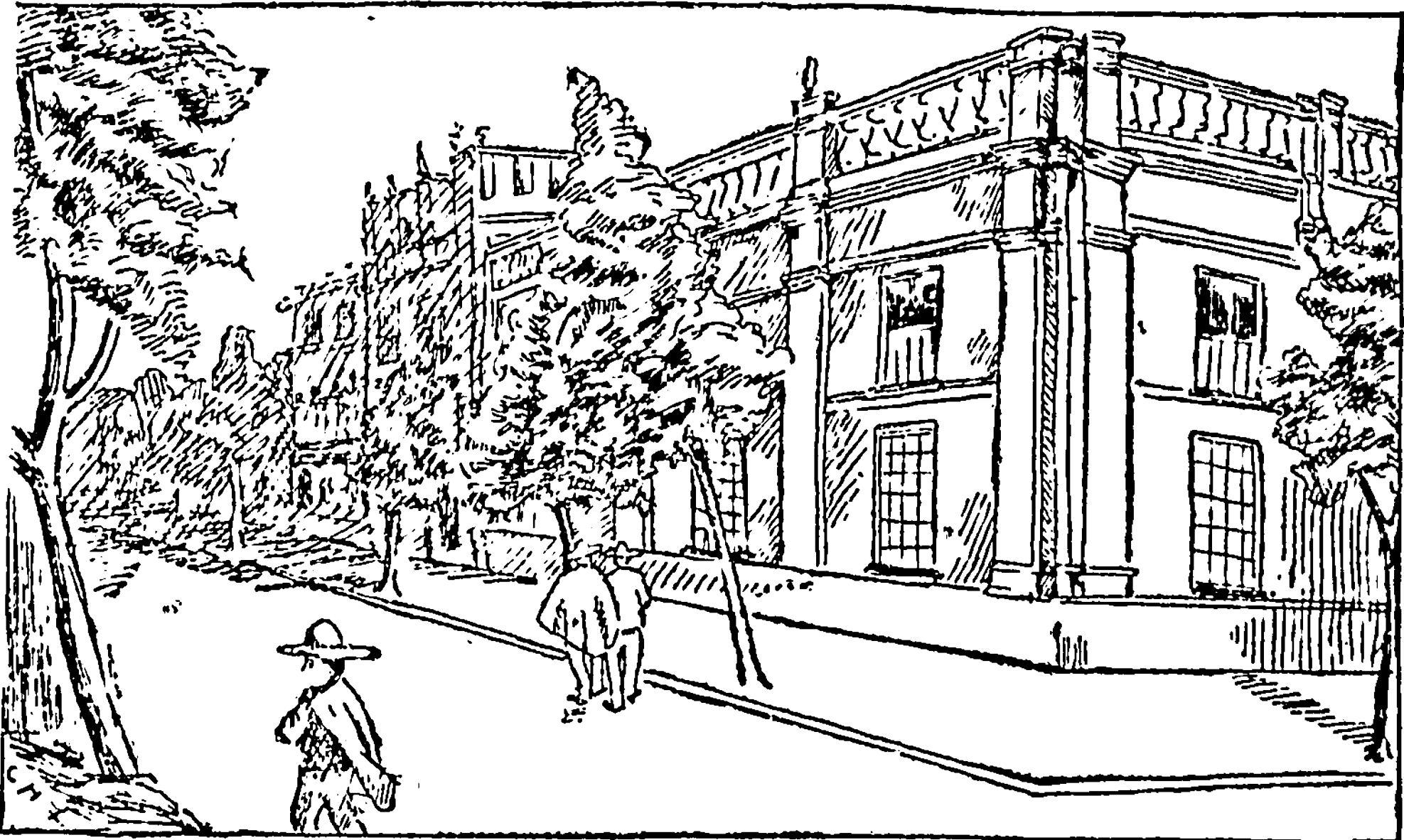
Baked Salsify—Scrape, boil in salt water, and mash. Serve with salt, pepper and butter. Put in a baking dish. Beat an egg in a cup of cream, to which add a cup of stale bread crumbs. Put in the oven and bake brown.

Mock Oysters—Wash and scrape salsify roots, boil in salt water until tender and mash; add two beaten eggs, half a cup of cream, a tablespoonful of butter, with salt and pepper; make in little cakes the shape of an oyster, roll in cracker meal, fry brown and serve very hot.

Salsify Fritters—Scrape and boil in salt water. When done, drain and mash fine. Add half a teaspoon of salt, two well-beaten eggs, a pint of milk, a tea-spoonful of baking powder and flour to thicken. Beat well and fry in boiling lard. Drain on brown paper and serve.

Salsify Salad—Cut off the ends of a dozen salsify roots; scrape off the outer parts; cover them with cold water; add a wine-glass of vinegar. Let stand one hour, then boil slowly, drain and quarter; lay in a salad dish, pour over plain salad dressing, and serve very cold.

A woman has begun business as a watchmaker in Christiania, Norway.



THE PRESIDENT'S PALACE AND TREASURY BUILDING, SANTIAGO.

of climate. They are strongly of the Spanish type, however. The men are slender and graceful, although strong of build, and the women are dark, anguorous beauties, who know well the coquettishness of the Spanish manta, and now to sing love songs to the twang of a guitar. There is a certain atmosphere of poetry and romance thrown over this interesting country, which is certainly an inheritance. It is not born of the air, which is brisk, and inspires action rather than sentiment. The Chileans are far from lazy. They are hearty and active, with an ambition to lead in all things, art and science as well as business, manufactures and war. They are copyists, however. Their civilization, high as it is, is crude and in many ways unformed.

Santiago, the Chilean capital, is a handsome city. It lies in the great plain between the two mountain ranges, the great snow-capped summits of the Andes being visible from every street. It is laid out like a chess board, as, indeed, is every Chilean town, however small. There is a grand central plaza, with the cathedral, the Governor's palace and the great public buildings on two sides, and the small shops of the city on the other two sides. The plaza is the real centre of the town. Its life, social and business, seems to spring from it. At night there is music under its trees, and the inhabitants gather and promenade, making a nightly festival. By day the plaza is lined with barattillos or small retail booths, much patronized by the inhabitants. The city is well ordered. The shops are small and not remarkable for the variety or quality of the goods they contain. But Santiago is not a business city. Valparaiso, four hours away by express, is the great seaport and business centre of the nation, the New York of Chile. Santiago is the city of homes and society, the social and governmental head of the nation. There are numerous street car lines in the city, and blooming half-breed girls act as car conductors. It is a singular custom, seen nowhere else in South America. Many of the half-breeds are handsome, and the women, when young, are plump

and houses are painted every color and shade distinguishable by the human eye. Santiago has a large theatre, which is patronized extensively.

An admirable understanding of the Chilean people can be obtained by visiting the plaza in the evening. The scene has been described by more than one traveler. A military band plays European airs, while the people, young and



CHILEAN COUNTRY FOLK.

old, promenade in the winding pathways under the trees. Many of the costumes worn have been imported, and all have been cut after Parisian fashion plates. The men wear black coats and silk hats, the women and girls dresses of silks and expensive fabrics. There is more or less flirting, perhaps more boldly carried on than with us. The scene is enlivened by the presence of many officers in gay uniform, for Chileans affect the army, and are fond of its display. Mixed with the throng of gay and light-hearted whites,

A scheme for supplying London with sea water for sanitary purposes is under consideration by the county council.

Germany is considering whether it would not be better for her to buy part of her cotton supply elsewhere than the United States.

Gymnastics are a healthy and dangerous sport. At least it appears so from the last annual report of a society of Swiss "turners." During the year, 324 of its 6209 members met with accidents while engaged in gymnastic exercises—being hurt seriously enough to draw a sick benefit from the society during an average time of 16½ days.

One effect, noted by the New York Ledger, of emigration to the West and hard times everywhere is the falling off in the value of farm lands. People in the central part of New York State say that many holdings can now be had for half of what they were rated at five or six years ago. These farms are neither abandoned nor played out, nor has any marked decrease in population occurred about them, but the farmers have the Western fever and want more room, or they are anxious to get into town and work at trades.

A New York electrotyping firm is said to have hit upon the idea of electrotyping articles of apparel which it is desired to preserve as mementoes. A baby's first shoes, for example, may be preserved indefinitely in metal. "We might give other instances," comments the Chicago Herald, "but, although we should be sorry to discourage the firm, so far as our own experience goes mementoes do not generally take the form of wearing apparel. Such things as Tommy's first trousers and Johnny's first 'top' hat would scarcely make good souvenirs."

Nearly all legal papers are now typewritten, though documents are encountered now and then which have been laboriously written out by the hand of one of the counsel. The men who still cling to the habit of writing their own legal papers are usually old lawyers, often of good practice, who cannot accommodate themselves to the new order of things. Young lawyers, no matter how small their practice, manage in one way or other to obtain the services of a stenographer. Some of the older men find it practically impossible to work with a stenographer or typewriter at hand.

The famous codfish which hangs from the base of the dome in the Massachusetts Statehouse, and inside the old room in which the Representatives used to meet, will be absent from the chamber in the new extension which they are soon to occupy. Just why this emblem, which has always attracted the notice of visitors and sometimes moved them to ridicule, should be ignored in the transfer of movables from one room to the other is not explained, and it is even said that the codfish is doomed to figure in a museum, presumably historical. The following account of its origin is given: "In 1866 Charles W. Palfrey, editor of the Salem Register, and a member of the House for several years, undertook to gather all the facts that could be learned about the placing of the figure in the chamber. After extensive researches, he found much concerning the fish, which, luckily, had been preserved. On Wednesday, March 17, 1784, John Rowe, a member from Boston, moved permission to hang the codfish in the house as a memorial to the importance of the codfishery to the welfare of the State. The motion prevailed, and shortly after the emblem was placed in position, and there it has remained undisturbed through all the vicissitudes of the years which have intervened. Once it was repainted, but it has never been taken down from the iron rod by which it is held in position. Mr. Rowe, who presented the figure to the Commonwealth, was a well-known citizen of Boston and a conspicuous patriot, being associated with Samuel Adams, James Otis, John Hancock, and other leaders of the period. He was interested in commerce and an extensive property owner along the water-front, Rowe's Wharf and contiguous territory being among his possessions. He died on February 17, 1787."

THE WINTER GIRL

When winter comes with its icy blasts,
And the north-wind chill with its fleecy snow,
In my room so drear I watch you, dear,
As your dainty footsteps come and go,
My fur-clad Winter Girl.
Though the maid of spring may be divine,
And the autumn maiden fair,
And the summer girl with flaxen curl
With you they'll never compare,
My fur-clad Winter Girl.
When the world is sad in the winter days,
The earth is white and the sky is gray,
And I am blue; it rests with you
To make us all feel glad and gay,
My fur-clad Winter Girl.
So, here's to the health of the Winter Girl!
Though the maids of warmer times are fair;
With freckles and tan, there's none that can
With you, O Winter Girl, compare,
My fur-clad Winter Girl.

—Truth.

DICK'S PROMISE



THE handful of men picketed under Jagai had been taken by surprise, and the regiment, which was raw, was badly mauled.

Not until noon were the Paythans forced under, and a straggling remnant of "black imps" fled like an ink cloud toward the hills. As the dark stain merged into distance, the search for the living among the dead began.

The sun licked with a tongue of fire the bullet-ridden field, and from throats dry as ovens cries and groans went up on the fetid air, which festered the flesh of gaping wounds, while the men sweltered helplessly beneath the flaming sky. The continual movement of the litters among the stricken ones went on until evening, when the deep dug trenches were thickly packed, and the tent-cloth of the temporary hospital bulged with the forms of the wounded.

Moaning and fevered mutterings mingled with the breaths of the sleepers as the captain opened his eyes and spoke, for the first time coherently since he had been borne from the field. The man bending over him detected life's last flicker in the burning eyes and stooped lower to catch the feeble murmur. Between these two men existed a mighty friendship. Even in the Sandhurst days they had been nicknamed "David and Jonathan," and the joint sobriquet had followed them to the barrack-room and into camp. Now one of them was dying, and didn't know it!

"I'm only chipped," panted the captain. "That confounded knife sliced me from the shoulder strap to the breastbone. Praps they'll give me sick leave; and while you're skrimishing about the country, Dick, I shall be petted at home—and Marion—Marion—" His speech became inaudible and he fumbled about his breast among the bandages. At last, from the ripped lining of the coat, he brought to view a faded photograph. "You've never seen her, Dick," he whispered. "I've even been jealous of her picture. But—you may look at her now, old man."

Thrust under the other's gaze was the likeness of a woman with deep eyes and a tender, smiling mouth.

"That's my girl," said the sick man proudly. "You used to wonder why I raved so over one woman. Can you now? Nine years she's waited, Dick, for a man with only a captain's pay and vague expectations."

"As faithful as she is beautiful," sighed Dick, looking at his comrade, and wondering how long this spurt of vitality would last. Then an involuntary pity for the patient girl in England rushed into his eyes as the first gray tint shadowed the tortured face before him. "Philip, dear old chum," he said chokingly, "what message shall I take her?"

The captain stared up stupidly. "Don't look at me—like that, Dick! I—Don't let me die!"

The soldier who had feared nothing when under fire now prayed feebly for his life, and in the brief subsequent delirium shrieked piteously about the horrors of death. When Dick's hands, as tender as a woman's, touched him, the dying man kissed them and called his friend "Marion." At nightfall reason gleamed again for an instant; it was the final spark.

"Nine years she's waited, Dick, and this is the end. Don't let her be lonely, Dick. I could trust her with you—you'll take my place, if you can—promise, if you can."

Dick groaned. "Yes." There was no woman's memory to prevent the pledge, and in that moment of parting he would have granted anything.

Marion Temple looked wonderingly at the visitor's card, until a flash of remembrance rendered the name intelligible to her. There was the slightest possible flutter about her fingers as she turned the handle of the drawing room door, but the man who rose to meet her was far less composed.

"You will pardon my intrusion," he faltered. "I—I was Philip's friend." "Remember," she said, with a perceptible pressure of the hand. "His letters always mentioned you as—'Dick.'"

Captain Esmond, of the Forty-third Light Infantry, shifted his glance to the window and back again to the small, spare figure in front him.

So this was Marion!
His second contemplation was a long one, and detailed her from head to foot, and he questioned silently if this woman and the photograph treasured so reverently against his breast were one and the same. The hair he had mentally painted golden was in reality colorless, and the pictured eyes that had suggested a fathomless blue were regarding him now with a pale, lusterless gaze, resembling drenched forget-me-nots. He noted the incipient lines about her tired face, and the lack of freshness about her smile, as if that, too, had perished. Only her voice and her black dress had any link to the vividly-imagined "Marion." He had been prepared for a somber frock, and her tones were as soft and sweet as he had fancied.

"I'm very glad to know you," she was saying. "Tell me all you can about—about it. The official announcement was the only news I had."

Dick pulled himself together, and, with much gentleness, recounted the scene at Jagai, speaking of Philip's death as a painless one.

She detected the kindly lie, as well as the tears in his voice, and impulsively held out her hand to him. It looked like a snowflake on the bronze of his, and in the emotion of the moment he bent his lips to it, at the same time conscious of a disappointment gnawing at his senses. Dick was distinctly human and it was with a revulsion of feeling that he recalled the death-cry of his Jonathan and his own promise. It was easy then to pledge himself to lift the loneliness of the beautiful, bereaved girl, but its fulfillment with this calm, faded woman seemed a thing so different.

"Let us be friends for the sake of our dead," she said, as he left her, and he winced.

A few days later Dick was with her again, conscious-stricken. After that second visit he assigned a regular day for what he considered his duty. He was quartered at Portsmouth, and one afternoon a week he sacrificed in the little green-shuttered villa facing the sea. He knew that she looked for his coming, because she had told him so, but the yoke of his promise continued to weigh heavily.

"Why don't you leave this off?" he asked one day, touching her black gown. "It's more than a year ago, you know, and I think you would brighten with brighter surroundings."

They were sitting on a patch of lawn, and the searching sunlight revealed all the weariness of her face.

"Do you think so—really?" she said, with earnestness. "I have so many pretty frocks upstairs, but—may I tell you something? You won't laugh at me?"

She had never lost her apathy until this moment, when, leaning toward him, she confided something of her past.

"* * * And it was so awful cherishing a love with folded hands, doing nothing day in and day out but pray and wait, and wait and pray, for my lover, that, to make the dreariness seem less I—I got my trousseau ready. When the idea first struck me I worked with feverish haste, but, little by little, the stitches were made more slowly to fit with the gap that yawned in front of me. Even then the marriage things were finished too soon, for nothing happened until—"

The unuttered allusion, following the revelation of a life fretted threadbare of hope, softened him toward her as he had never felt before. In a dim way he realized the pathetic patience of this woman, who had mutely allowed her prettiness to slip from her grasp whilst drifting down the river of years, which had borne her from the shore of youth to the dead level of despair. The ravages of time upon her face stirred his deepest pity, and with an impulse he did not pause to question, Dick asked Marion to yield her life into his keeping.

They were engaged. No words of love had passed between them, but their compact was tense with sincerity. Dick found a newly awakened interest in the face that now smiled without effort. There was a restfulness in her glance when it met his which stilled any lurking regret that may have existed, and gradually he looked forward to his marriage with Marion with a certain degree of contentment.

"When is it to be?" he asked toward the end of the year, and was startled at his spasm of relief when she answered indefinitely. Juggling with his conscience, Dick explained the feeling to himself as a reluctance to "settle down yet"—anything but a shrinking from the final step of his promise!

It was nearing Christmas, and Marion was sticking holly about the house; a spray of scarlet berries glistened warmly against her dress, which was no longer black, and Dick thought her almost pretty as she laughed down at him from the height of a flight of steps.

"So my little sister will be home for the wedding after all," she was telling him. "She'll make such a lovely bridesmaid, Dick!"

"Is she a nice little girl?" he asked, abstractedly.

"A darling! She's leaving school for good now, so you'll see lots of her. She has the bluest of eyes, and—another holly sprig for just here, please; thanks—and the brightest of hair you ever saw! Once I—I was like her, Dick."

"I know," he murmured; "I mean I have a photograph of yours which—"

"It must be a very old one!" she interpolated, hastily. He had withdrawn something from his breast pocket, and she peered over his shoulder. "Why do you keep that likeness, Dick? It was taken long, long ago, and the contrast is horrible!" A vague unrest had settled on her, and the brightness had gone from her voice as she continued hoarsely: "Do you think that—that if Philip had come back to me he would have seen the difference, and regretted everything?"

Her gaze hung upon Dick yearningly, and he, feeling convinced of his dead friend's loyalty, allayed her fears with fervor. And she was satisfied, believing his assurances to be but an echo of his own sentiments.

A week later "the little sister" arrived from her Paris school, fresh as a newly fledged butterfly.

"So you are to be my brother!" she said, smiling up at Dick. "Hain't you better kiss me?"

The officers' ball of the season was nearly over and only a few couples were enjoying the last waltz, while others, shrinking in dim corners, were making the most of final moments.

Marion Temple stood alone by the door, scanning the dancers. She looked very tired, and the fresh white dress seemed out of keeping with her haggard weariness. Presently she turned from the brilliant room, with its glare of flags and colored lights, and passed slowly up the staircase, glancing furtively behind screens and fern bowers, which were everywhere about the corridors and landings. Once she halted, and her heart missed a beat when, through the green of a bank of plants, she caught a glimpse of yellow hair beside a patch of scarlet. "The little sister's" voice reached her faintly, but the tones of Dick were distinct. Marion stood there only a moment, then hurried away to the cloak-room, the man's words throbbing in her brain, and an insistent ache oppressing her like a nightmare.

Marion was one of those brave women with an insignificant outside, whom nobody credits with emotion. Her pain was expressionless when, afterward, she faced the girl whose joy added gall to the bitterness of disillusion.

"Hasn't it been lovely, Marion?" cried the little sister, when they were seated together in the carriage. "I have enjoyed my first ball! And all my partners danced superbly; and I don't know whether to laugh or cry with happiness."

Dick commented on Marion looking "rather tired" when he said good-night to them, and involuntarily she shrank from his touch.

"Come around to-morrow," she said, in tones slightly querulous, "I've some news for you, Dick."

When alone in her room she neither sobbed nor fell into melancholy. After changing her ball dress for a loose wrapper, she dragged out a box from a cupboard, and with quiet deliberateness, turned out its contents until the bed and all the chairs were laden with the miscellany of a trousseau. Every stitch, every shred of it was an evidence of her misery, and she fingered the things with the lingering touch of a good-bye. One frock, prettier than the others, and trimmed with little pink rosebuds, she fondled very much, and finally, in guilty haste, put it on, standing before the glass shamefaced. The candlelight flickered in her shaking hand, casting odd shadows about herself as she turned this way and that admiringly.

"So I shall never wear them after all," she moaned, when at last, she folded and replaced each thing, gazing with unutterable tenderness into the depths of the box, as if into the earth-hole of her dead.

Then, for the second time, she turned the key on a hallowed hope, and so began again her desolation.

It was all over. Dick's head was buried in his arms when Marion ceased speaking, and moved to the door. The twilight shrouded them, so he couldn't see how pale was her face when he went toward her with outstretched hands and humble words of thanks.

"No; don't say any more," she pleaded. "It was my fault not to have better understood. You have been very good to me, Dick, and I'm sure that Philip is grateful."

It was Dick who sobbed, not the woman, and as they stood there, their hands clinging together, he realized what a soldier's girl can be.

Someone opened the door and announced that "tea was ready," and perhaps some of Marion's pain melted into the caress she gave "the little sister."

"We were just talking of you, darling—Dick has something to tell you."—London Answers.

When terrified, the ostrich is said travel at the rate of twenty-five miles an hour and clears twelve to fourteen feet at a stride.

A CHANGE

Have you seen the full moon
Drift behind a cloud,
Hiding all of nature
In a dusky shroud?

Have you seen the light snow
Change to sudden rain,
And the virgin streets grow
Black as ink again?

Have you seen the ashes,
When the flame is spent,
And the cheerless hearthstone
Grim and eloquent?

Have you seen the ballroom
When the dance is done
A tawdry splendor
Meets the morning sun?

Dearest, all these pictures
Cannot half portray
How my life has altered
Since you've gone away?

—Harry Romaine, in Munsey's Magazine.

HUMOR OF THE DAY

A silent worker—The yeast cake.
'Held by the enemy'—The ulster which we are unable to redeem.—Texas Siftings.

Every man knows in his own heart that the fools are not all dead yet.—Albany Argus.

This pig went to market.
This one refused to roam;
But the one that takes two seats in a car
We wish would stay at home.
—Inter-Ocean.

"Well, that baits all," remarked the Irish fisherman as he looked into his can in vain for a w. u.—Philadelphia Life.

The only thing we can recommend to women for the management of a husband, is to feed him and trust to luck.—Acheson Globe.

Sibyl—"When Steve proposed to me he acted like a fish out of water." Tirpie—"Why shouldn't he? He knew he was caught."—Yankee Blade.

'Tis now about the time of year
When each friend, overbold,
Fires off this question in your ear,
'Where did you get that cold?'

—New York Herald.

When a woman begins to show a dislike to being called by her pet name she may be considered as officially out of the matrimonial race.—Hudson Register.

Her brow was like the snowdrift,
Her throat it was like the swan,
And her hat it was the largest
He'd ever looked upon.
—Inter-Ocean.

He—"I could believe that this was one of mother's own pies, dear." She—"Could you, really, darling?" He—"Yes; it tastes as if it had been made about ten years ago."—Inter-Ocean.

Witts—"Talk about word painting! I know a man who is the equal of any in that line." Watts—"Done something wonderful in books, has he?" Witts—"Er—no; in signs."—Buffalo Courier.

Break! Break! Break!
On thy cold, gray stones, oh sea,
Thou'lt not, I'll bet, be able to get
As broke as I soon shall be.
—Washington Star.

Stockly—"I hear that your son went into the office to work this morning." Jobly—"He went into the office to work me. I was out, but I guess I'd have been out more if I'd been in."—Philadelphia Record.

A girl isn't going to be married soon if a number of gentlemen call on her on a Sunday afternoon. When anything serious is in prospect all the men except the one who is in earnest drop off.—Acheson Globe.

No more he pulls his father's beard
And drives him to his father's
He much prefers a handful of
His brother's football hair.
—Washington Star.

"How do you like the way I wear my hair now?" asked the football player. "It's lovely," replied the girl. "If your head only had some silk sewed around it, it would be a lovely soft pillow."—Detroit Free Press.

"Do you think," said the passenger on the front platform of the street car, that it hurts a horse to dock its tail? "Yes," replied the man who handles the brake, "but not as much as it does a driver to dock his wages."—Washington Star.

Little Ned—"Don't take away the light." Mamma—"I want you to learn to go to sleep without a light." "Must I sleep in the dark?" "Yes." "Well, then, wait a minute. I guess I'll get up and say my prayers a little more carefully."—Good News.

"Are you used to serving roast beef rare?" said the lady who was endeavoring to learn whether she suited the new cook. "No, ma'am," was the loftily-spoken reply. "Up to me present employment I've been used to serving it frequent."—Washington Star.

Jagwell—"I've made an awful mistake. I sent a messenger boy up to Miss Cashley's with a lot of flowers, thinking it was her birthday, and now I learn that her birthday is to-morrow." Wigwag—"That's all right; the messenger boy may get there in time."—Philadelphia Record.

The art of making money leads
All other human passion.
And mankind generally concedes
'Tis quite an honest fashion.
Yet, when a man to make the same
Has to the need arisen,
Then justice 'tumbles to his game'
And sends him straight to prison.
—Richmond Dispatch.

BUDDHISM.

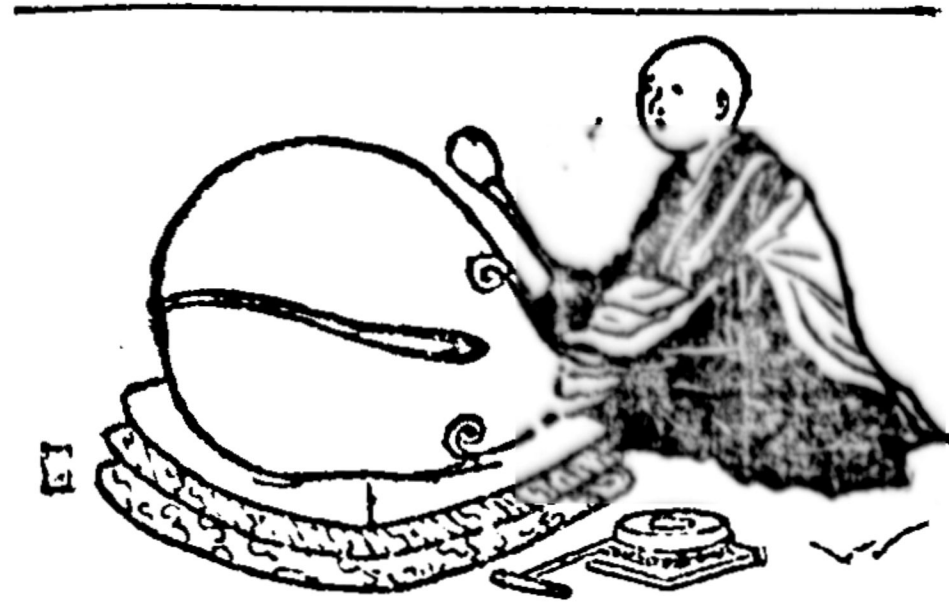
THE RELIGION OF JAPAN, BURMAH, SIAM AND KOREA.

Wonderful Temples and Queer Priests of This Sect—One Japanese Temple That Will Cost \$8,000,000—Missionary Work.

It will be a surprise to many, writes Frank G. Carpenter in the New York Press, to know that there is a strong Buddhist revival going on in the Japanese Empire. They even talk of sending missionaries to the United States and to the Asiatic countries, including China and Korea and India.

Buddhism is the religion of Siam, Burmah, Japan and Korea. It has millions of followers in China and India. In Japan alone there are 72,000 Buddhist temples. There are 72,000 Kiotos, which is about as big as Washington, there are 3500 temples devoted to this religion. Some of the most gorgeous temples in the world are the wonderful structures in which Buddha is worshipped at Bangkok in Siam. At Rangoon, in Burmah, is the famous structure known as the Golden Pagoda, which is said to rest over several of the hairs which came from Buddha's head. This temple is a mountain of gold, or rather of brick and stone plastered over with gold leaf. Built upon a mighty platform, its base is about a quarter of a mile in circumference, from which these terraces of gold go upward in bell-like spirals to a height almost as great as the Washington Monument.

A large part of it has been the work of charity. The carpenters, the carvers and other artists came from all parts of the country and worked a certain number of weeks for nothing. It has been about fifteen years in



WAKING UP BUDDHA.

From a Sketch Made by a Native Artist.

building. When I first saw it six years ago there were forty acres of sheds about it, in which hundreds of carpenters were cutting up great logs, which had been imported from the island of Formosa, into boards, while hundred of carvers were turning other logs into works of fine art. Everything was done by hand. Immense beams, such as would be a load for a team of Norman horses, were being carried up to the top of the structure by women and men. A road about fifteen feet wide had been built upon a scaffolding, making an inclined plane running clear to the roof of the structure. A hundred or so men would catch hold of one of these logs and carry it up on their backs. There was then, and there is still, an immense scaffolding about the temple made of thousands of poles tied together with ropes. These poles were of all sizes,

known as the Nishi Hongwandi temple, and it is a wonder in the richness of its interior decoration. It has hundreds of rooms walled with gold leaf, and it contains hundreds of screens painted by the old Japanese masters. A famous left-handed artist of Japan, Jingoro, did most of the carving within it, and it is coiled in some places with black and gold lacquer, and its trimmings are of wonderfully carved brass. It has a bell almost as big as a small seaside cottage, and this is rung by a big log of wood, which is hung outside of the bell to a rope, and can be pulled back so that it will strike the bell on the rebound. It has one audience room which covers it, and the brass lanterns which hang from the great rafters of this room are each as big as a hog-head.

There are many Buddhist sects in Japan. They all believe in Buddha, but they have different doctrines and different modes of worship. There is one sect which sell medicine and charms which will protect you against coughs, consumption, the devil or the smallpox. They sell all kinds of sand, which is supposed to make the limbs of the dead soft and flexible, so they can be easily doubled in the boxlike coffins which are used by the Japanese. These are known as the Tendi sect, and they have between four and five thousand temples in Japan. The Monto sect, the Nichiren and the Jodo sect may be called the three most powerful branches of the Japanese Buddhists. The Montos worship Amida Buddha, and they say that earnest prayer, noble thoughts and good works are the elements of their faith. It is to this sect, I think, that these two big temples which I have described belong. It has also immense temples in Tokio and elsewhere. The Nichiren sect are the shouting worshippers of the faith. They are violent and noisy, and they think that all other sects except themselves go straight to hell. The Jodo sect do not eat flesh, and they insist that their priests should not marry. They pray without ceasing, and spend a great part of their time squatting before bells of wood and brass, on which they pound in order to wake up the gods.

About the Buddhist temples are little wooden gods for babies' diseases, around which children's bibs are tied. There are other gods which are supposed to help babies in teething. There are some which are good for the stomach aches and others which will cure sore eyes. In some of the temples are sacred ponies which you may feed with holy beans at one cent a plate and gain religious credit thereby. These are, I think, however, more connected with the Shinto temples.

There is a famous white horse at the temples of Ise which is supposed to be gifted with supernatural powers. According to the stories current in Japan, he has a good deal to do with the warlike matters of the empire, for after the Satsuma rebellion he disappeared and did not come back for three days. His return on the third day was considered very propitious of the success of the Emperor's cause. During the present struggle with China he disappeared again, and after ten days returned looking fresh and well. The prophets of Japan state that this indicated Japan's victories over China, and that the hostilities would last three times as long as the Satsuma rebellion.

There is no part of the East where the missionaries do more work than in Japan, and they have stirred the Buddhists into action. Many of the Japanese do not like the idea that their country should be a field for missionary labors, and some of the people think that such mission work as is done should be done by native pastors. Not long ago the question of foreign missions came up in Parliament, and it was argued from one standpoint that the missionaries ought to be tolerated because they brought a great deal of money into the country. It was stated in the papers at that time that there were 650 foreign missionaries in Japan, and they average at least \$100 per month, making a total of \$65,000 per month spent by the missionaries. It will thus be seen that the Christian churches annually spend in Japan at least \$780,000 a year, and these expenditures, the native papers thought, ought to be encouraged. They stated that there were 40,000 Christians among the Japanese, and there were 1200 Japanese pastors. The missionaries in Japan are, in reality, doing a great deal of earnest work.

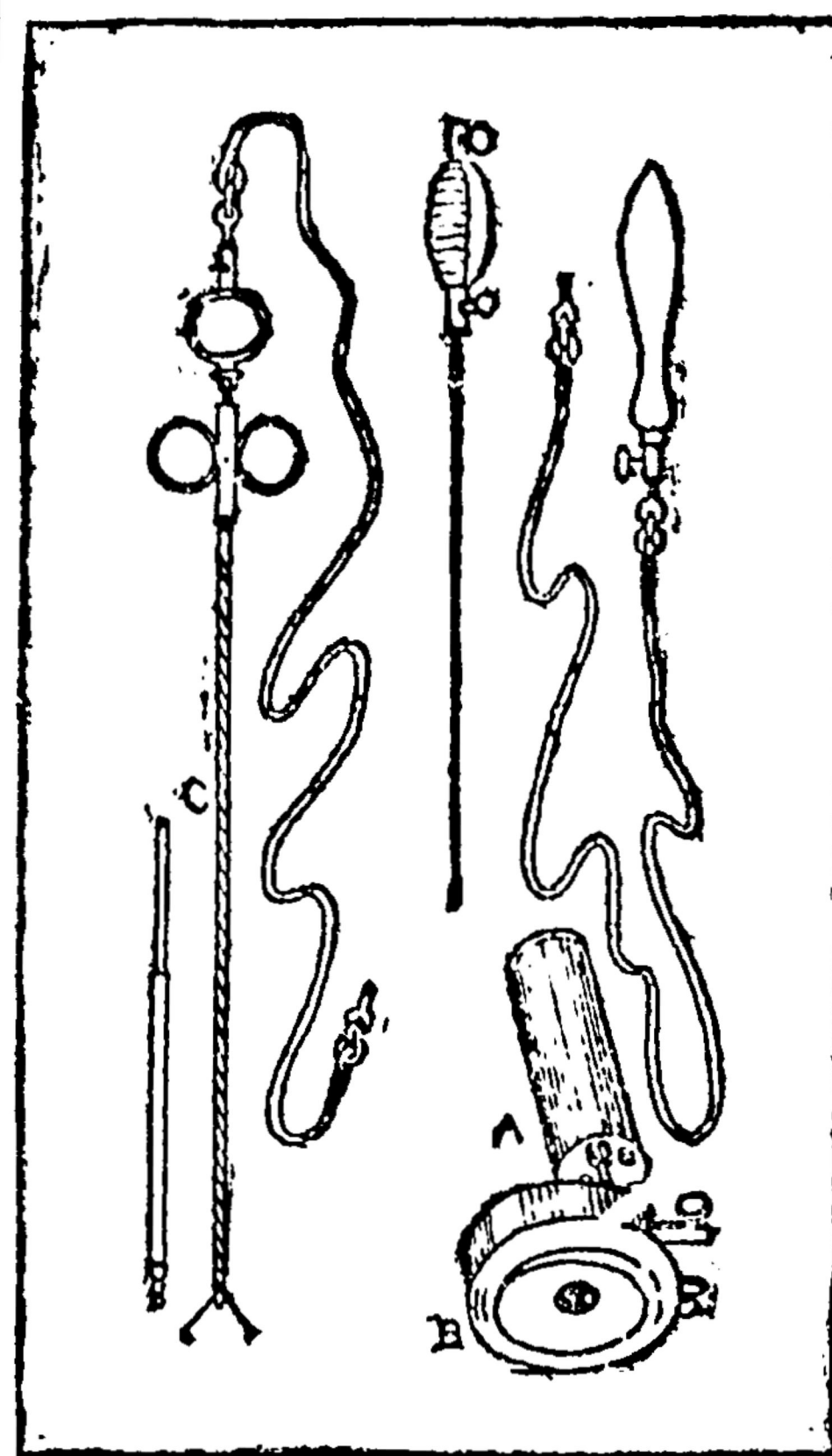
An Anecdote of Rubinstein.

A well-known woman once asked Rubinstein, the famous pianist, for a ticket to one of his concerts. "Madame," he replied, "I have only one seat in my disposition. But if you do not object to occupying it I shall gladly give it to you." The happy woman asked where it was. "At the piano," replied the great musician, with a bow.—Chicago Record.

The Army Ordnance Office has placed an order with the Kilby Manufacturing Company of Cleveland, Ohio, for ten disappearing gun-carriages to support the completed ten-inch steel rifles.

Probing for a Bullet by Electricity.

One of the most important recent inventions in surgery is the telephonic probe, the discovery of Dr. Wells, a surgeon in the United States service. This probe, says the New York World, is designed for use in the cure of epilepsy, the strange malady which has so long puzzled the medical profession. It had been recognized that epilepsy was in many cases the result of the presence of a foreign substance in the



THE TELEPHONE PROBE.

A.—Battery. B.—Ear-piece or Receiver. C.—Probe Extractor.

brain, such as a sliver of skull or a piece of a bullet. But operation among the tissues of the brain in the effort to find such a substance was dangerous work, from which many surgeons shrunk, though it was justified in extreme cases.

To poke an instrument about the interior folds of the brain in the effort to find a small fragment of foreign substance was not only dangerous, but in most cases fruitless. This has now been obviated by the telephonic probe, which instantly tells the operator when he has touched the foreign substance, and then, by an ingenious mechanical arrangement, the probe, without being moved from its position, opens and grasps the fragment, which is quickly removed. In connection with the diamond drill for operation on the skull, this discovery has enormously advanced brain surgery.

It consists of three parts. First, there is the probe, which is gently insinuated through the tissues; second, a little pocket battery connected with the ear-piece, and third, the ear-piece itself, which is exactly like the corresponding part of a telephone.

It is used in this way: The flap is cut with the Pyle drills and turned back. Then the chain which dangles from the probe is screwed into one of the keys which projects from the ear-piece, and the hand piece for the operator is similarly connected with another key in the ear-piece.

The surgeon then takes the probe in the right hand, puts the ear-piece to his ear, and gently presses the probe through the delicate tissues of the brain until it touches the foreign body, bone or bullet, as it may be. The minute this contact is accomplished quite a distinct sound is carried through the circuit to the operator's ear. By an ingenious device a pair of teeth are projected on each side of the end of the probe, and take immediate hold of the foreign substance thus found, which can be deftly drawn out of the wound.

The detective and extractive powers of this apparatus are said to be infallible, and the extraordinary fineness of its work is particularly serviceable in the brain, whose tissues are so easily damaged, and where, naturally, the very least amount of laceration is desirable.

A Great Pedestrian.

Arthur J. Balfour, the Conservative leader in the British House of Commons, is a great pedestrian, but he will carry neither stick nor umbrella



ARTHUR J. BALFOUR.

in any sort of weather. He is often seen with imperturbable face, his long legs tramping through the rain at a lively pace.

THE MERRY SIDE OF LIFE.

STORIES THAT ARE TOLD BY THE FUNNY MEN OF THE PRESS.

Odd or Even — Interested — After Reading — Wouldn't Pop — Nothing in It, Etc., Etc.

"Hast thou a lover?" asked the swain, "Oh, maiden of the Rhine, she blushed in sweet confusion And softly faltered 'Nain.' He felt rebuffed and knew not! What best to say, and then A sudden thought came to him Mo pleaded, 'Make it ten.' —New York Mercury.

INTERESTED.

Minnie—"I want to introduce you to a young lady—a very nice girl—and she's worth her weight in gold." Bob—"Stout girl, I hope?"—Puck.

WOULDN'T POP.

Ada—"Is Jack Rogers a talkative man?"

Helen—"I've been trying for two years to make him speak."—Philadelphia Life.

AFTER READING.

"I only got five dollars for that poem."

"If that was my poem, Mr. Pen-scratch, I wouldn't have let 'em print it for five hundred dollars."—Life.

A FITTING RECEPTION.

Mrs. Suburb—"Dora! Dora!" Daughter—"Yes, Ma." Mrs. Suburb—"Run to the piano and play 'Hail to the Chief.' Here come the new girl."—New York Weekly.

NOTHING IN IT.

Landlady (noticing boarder looking intently into his soup)—"What is the matter, Mr. Slimdiet? Is there anything in your soup?"

Mr. Slimdiet—"I haven't found anything yet."—Puck.

THE LAUNDRESS' FAD.

Jessie Fadley—"The latest fad is to collect handkerchiefs of as many different kinds as possible."

Mrs. Fadley—"Well, I think that is what must be the matter with our laundress."—Philadelphia Life.

A PROSPECTIVE FATE.

She—"These glasses are not strong enough for me. What comes next to number two?"

He—"Number one."

"And after that?"

"After number one, you will need a dog."—Life.

MENDACITY VS. IGNORANCE.

Mr. Van Bullion—"Is your mistress in?"

Biddy—"Sure, and O'll see, sor. (Returning in a few minutes) No, sor, she ain't, sor, but she wants ter know when yez'll be after calling agin, sor."—Truth.

A PUZZLING QUESTION.

Mr. Cynical Sneyer and Tom Spittle-jag, two society youths, had a row in their club room. The latter said very severely:

"My dear friend, allow me to tell you that you are a donkey."

"Well," responded Mr. Sneyer, "will you kindly tell me, am I a donkey because I'm your friend, or am I your friend because I'm a donkey?"—Texas Siftings.

WHAT HE WANTED IN IT.

When the waiter brought in the guest's breakfast he set a cup of coffee down by his plate, and the guest picked it up and took a sip.

"Cream in it, sir?" inquired the waiter.

"No."

"Sugar?"

"No."

"Perhaps you'll have a spoon, sir?" smiled the waiter.

"No. I don't want a spoon either," growled the guest.

The waiter was nonplussed.

"Won't you have anything in it, sir?" he urged.

"Yes, heat. Take it back," and the waiter took it back.—Detroit Free Press.

A DOMESTIC CONVERSATION.

Her Father—"So you have had a proposal, my daughter?"

Herself—"Yes, papa—several. An iceman proposed to me."

Her Father (breathlessly)—"Did you accept him, my dear?"

Herself—"Nay, nay, papa."

Her Father—"Ingrate!"

Herself—"After him a plumber proposed to me, dear papa."

Her Father (excitedly)—"And him—did you accept him?"

Herself—"Not for jewels and precious stones, papa mine."

Her Father—"Fool! Idiot!"

Herself—"I had a third proposal, papa. The gentleman is an iceman in the summer time and a plumber in the winter."

Her Father (on the verge of apoplexy)—"Madeline!"

Herself (calmly)—"I accepted him, father."

Her Father—"Fall on my neck, my angel child—you are the rarest rose of them all."—Truth.



BEGGING PRIESTS OF JAPAN.

It has a base of fourteen umbrellas, and on its top is a great golden acre, to the ribs of which jewels are hung. The whole of this vast structure is plated with gold. It is hundreds of years old, and it has been plated again and again, and there are, undoubtedly, millions of dollars' worth of metal mixed with its brick and plaster. One King of Burmah vowed that he would give his weight in gold to this monument if Buddha would grant him something that he wanted. Buddha accepted the proposition. At least his wish was realized, and when he hopped on the imperial scales it is said that he registered 170 pounds. The vow cost him just about \$45,000 in gold leaf. This great monument is now being regilded.

I visited temples in China which contained thousands of little gold Buddhas. There is one at Nanking in which I saw 10,000 gods under one roof. Some of them were very small gods, and all were plated with gold leaf.



OLD PEOPLE OF JAPAN.

Perhaps the finest and costliest church to-day is being erected in the world to-day, is the Higashi Hongwanji Temple, in Kioto. When it is finished it will have cost, all told, something like \$8,000,000. Think of that! Eight million dollars for a church! I don't believe we have one in the United States that has cost as much, and I know we have none that have been built in such a curious way.

from that of a fishing rod up to a telegraph pole. They looked very insecure to me, but I was told that they were perfectly safe, and all of the scaffolding used by the Japanese is made in this way. Think of building a structure costing millions of dollars without derricks or machinery of any kind.

When I first visited this temple the logs were being dragged about from one place to another with great cables of brownish-black, in which, here and there, you could see threads of white. The ropes looked very curious to me, and I asked what they were. I was told that they were made of the hair of women who had cut off their locks and given them for this purpose as an offering to Buddha. Over 200,000 women cut off their hair to make these ropes. Some of them were as big around as your leg, others were no thicker than a clothes-line. These ropes have now been all collected together. They are wrapped up in great coils on the portico which runs around the temple, and they will be kept as one of its treasures. Not long ago a section of the rope was sent to the National Museum at Washington, where it may now be seen in one of the cases of that institution.

Japan has the biggest Buddhas of the world. One in a park at Nara, not far from the old capital, Kioto, is the largest. The statue is in a temple taller than any New York flat. There are dozens of gold gods all about it. Some of these gods, though eighteen feet high, look like pygmies beside the great image, which sits with its legs crossed and his right hand uplifted on a pedestal above them. A fence prevented me from taking measurements, but the priests told me it was fifty-three feet in height. This Buddha is over a thousand years old.

The other great Buddha is that at Kamakura, which has been written about by nearly every traveler who has gone to Japan.

Some of these Buddhist temples have enormous incomes. There is one right near the new temple I have described which takes in about \$200,000 a year, and this church has frequently raised in one year from half a million to a million dollars. It is

The Pennsylvania Railroad Company has decided, so it is stated, to drop the possessive sign from the names of all its stations that honor local magnates. Thus Smith's Station would become Smith Station, or perhaps Smith; where euphony requires, the s will be retained, and only the apostrophe dropped, two words sometimes being united thus making Ruthers Ford, Ruthersford.

The same tendency is noticeable in the last edition of the "United States Official Postal Guide." There is not an apostrophe to be found, we believe, in the official name of any post-office in the Union, and under the head of "Latest Correction," being those made from December 1, 1894, to January 1, 1895, are found plenty of such changes as the following: Locust Dale, Schuylkill county, Pa., to Locustdale; Mitchell's Creek, Tioga county, to Mitchell-creek; and York Haven, York county, to Yorkhaven.

Those who desire to be absolutely correct and up to date, will do well to notice.

A bill appropriating \$5,000,000 for the improvement of the public roads of the State was introduced into the House at Harrisburg a few days ago by Mr. Snively, of Franklin. It provides for the appointment of township road committees and county road engineers. The money is to be disbursed by the State Treasurer upon the order of the Secretary of Internal Affairs, when this order is accompanied by the sworn statement of a township committee countersigned by the county road engineer. The appropriation is to be expended outside of cities and boroughs pro rata, according to the population of each county, on such roads as the Secretary of Internal Affairs, with the county engineer and township committee, shall agree upon. All such roads shall be known as State roads and be kept in repair by the State. The local committee is to consist of five men, who shall serve four years without compensation, except expenses. The pay of the engineer shall be not less than \$800 a year and actual expenses.

When they do catch a man in Kansas who has money, they generally do him to a finish, as is evidenced by the following: An unknown man was found dead on the outskirts of a small town recently. A revolver and \$100 in cash were found on his person. The Coroner held an inquest and charged \$75 to defray the expenses and bury the body. The Police Judge fined the corpse \$25 for carrying concealed weapons and kept the revolver. The local newspaper which published the obituary notice got the usual fee—nothing.

Statistics show that millions of dollars are given each year by the wealthy people to churches, colleges, museums, hospitals, etc., which are for the use of the public. Would it not be better if these wealthy people would pay out this enormous sum in increased wages to their employees? What credit should a man have who grinds his employees and then leaves a million or two to some public charity when he has to leave it behind him? The real benefactor of the future will be the man who helps the wage earner to get a more just proportion of his earnings rather than the man who does even so good a thing as found libraries, coffee houses, and charitable institutions.

Some of State Legislatures persist in enacting laws to suppress the theater hats of women. The passage of such a law reflects little credit on theater going women—indicating a want of manners on their part in obstructing the view of those persons in the rear of them. With the same propriety, however, women may retort by trying to prevent men from going out between acts to lay a brick in their hats.

The Atlantic steamers, which must make the voyage now in seven days or under, burn from 200 to 300 tons of coal daily, making this item of expense over \$1500 every 24 hours. The Umbria burns 12 tons of coal per hour, and on every vessel of her size the journals and bearings of the machinery require 130 gallons of lubricating oil per day.

A Minnesota Judge holds that a man is legally responsible for slanders from the tongue of his wife. What has Cupid done that the little god's path through Minnesota should be made so rocky?

Public Sales.

Feb. 27, Wednesday. Administrators of the estate of John Haines, dec'd, Oxford township, 2 cows, farm implements, house furniture, etc.
March 12, Tuesday. Alex. Kinneman, near Bragtown, 5 mules, 3 horses, 20 head of horned cattle, fine lot of hogs, 12 sheep, and large lot of farm implements.
March 14, Thursday. Mrs. Julian Will, Mt. Pleasant township, farm stock and implements.
March 11, Monday. H. G. Eizler, Berwick township, large lot of farm stock and implements.
March 14, Thursday. Isalah Diller, Conewago township, stock and implements.
March 16, Saturday. F. X. Storm, Mount Pleasant township, horse, cow and implements.
March 16, Saturday. Geo. H. Little, White Hall, horse, cow, and implements.
March 22, Friday. Maria Meyers, Reading township, farm stock and implements.

O. W. O. Hardman, Sheriff of Tyler Co., W. V., appreciates a good thing and does not hesitate to say so. He was almost prostrated with a cold when he procured a bottle of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy. He says: "It gave me prompt relief. I find it to be an invaluable remedy for coughs and colds." For sale at Dicks' drug store.

From Granite Hill.

Mrs. Sarah Wolford, wife of Geo. Wolford, died last Friday morning and was buried at Salem church on Sunday. Aged about 56 years.

On last Wednesday evening, a few of the many friends of J. Duttera and family were invited to their home, to spend the evening. At a seasonable hour the guests were ushered into the dining room where the table was spread with good things, consisting of ice cream, cake, oranges, etc., to which all did ample justice. The young people then returned to the parlor to finish their games, while the older folk repaired to the sitting room to spend the remainder of the evening in pleasant conversation. Those present were Chas. Hersh and Miss Vertie Diehl, of New Oxford, Miss Mame Yeatts, Hunterstown, Miss Mame Yeagy and Miss Estu Hamme, J. W. Herman and wife, D. S. Coleman, wife and son.

Wesley Miller and wife, of near Hampton, were the guests of J. W. J. Beamer and wife on Sunday.

Mrs. Susan Freeman, residing with her son in law, Samuel Weigle, who is almost ninety five years old, was out sleighing and enjoyed it very much.

D. S. Coleman has sold his fat cattle to Wigan and Homan, Gettysburg butchers.

A correspondent at Arendtsville says: On Sunday, after the services in the Lutheran church, when the people were going home and passing through the large snow drift, Mr. Joseph Smith's sleigh was upset and his horse ran away. Mr. Christ Klepper, in attempting to stop the horse was run over and received an ugly cut about four inches long across his head. The next sleigh the horse came in contact with was Mr. Aug. Orner's and he received a bad cut on his right cheek, having several teeth knocked out. Geo. Knouse also received a bad bruise on the nose. Miss Ida Hoffman was thrown out of their sleigh and ran over by two horses but escaped with a few slight bruises. Mr. Smith's and Aug. Orner's sleighs were badly broken and several others more or less injured.

ELECTRIC BITTERS—This remedy is becoming so well known and so popular as to need no special mention. All who have used Electric Bitters sing the same song of praise. A purer medicine does not exist and it is guaranteed to do all that is claimed. Electric Bitters will cure all diseases of the Liver and Kidneys, will remove Pimples, Boils, Salt Rheum and other affections caused by impure blood. Will drive Malaria from the system and prevent as well as cure all Malarial fevers. For cure of Headache, Constipation and Indigestion try Electric Bitters. Entire satisfaction guaranteed, or money refunded. Price 50 cts. and \$1.00 per bottle at J. W. Dicks' Drug Store.

Mrs. Emily Thorne, who resides at Toledo, Washington, says she has never been able to procure any medicine for rheumatism that relieves the pain so quickly and effectually as Chamberlain's Pain Balm, and that she has also used it for lame back with great success. For sale at Dicks' drug store.

J. L. KENDLEHART,
ATTORNEY AT-LAW, Gettysburg, Pa. Late practicing in Philadelphia, has removed to Gettysburg, and resumed practice in the several Courts of Adams county. Office on Baltimore street, opposite the Court house, with Wm. McSherry, Jr., Esq., until April 1st, '95, after that date in the room recently occupied by Hon. S. McSwop. All legal business promptly and carefully attended to.

WM. HERSH,
ATTORNEY AT-LAW, Gettysburg, Pa. Collections and all legal business promptly attended to. Office on Baltimore street, in Star and Newton building, with John B. McPherson, Esq.

Administrator's Notice.
JOHN HAINES, ESQ.,—Letters of Administration on the estate of John Haines, dec'd, late of Oxford township, Adams county, Pa., having been granted to the undersigned, they hereby give notice to all persons indebted to said estate to make immediate payment, and those having claims to present them properly authenticated for settlement.
HENRY HAINES,
Strimstown, York Co., Pa.
HENRY STOKER,
New Oxford, Adams county, Pa.

TWO LIVES SAVED.—Mrs. Phoebe Thomas of Junction City, Ill., was told by her doctors she had Consumption and that there was no hope for her but two bottles Dr. King's New Discovery completely cured her and says it saved her life. Mr. Thos. Eggers, 139 Florida St., San Francisco, suffered from a dreadful cold, approaching Consumption, tried with out result everything else then bought one bottle of Dr. King's New Discovery and in two weeks was cured. He is naturally thankful. It is such results, of which there are samples, that prove the wonderful efficacy of this medicine in Coughs and Colds. Free trial bottles at J. W. Dicks' Drug Store. Regular size 50c. and \$1.00.

The 55 prisoners from York county, in the Eastern Penitentiary at Philadelphia last year cost that county \$2531.52. The prisoners, by their labor, earned \$476.84, leaving the amount to be paid by the county for their keeping, \$2,054.68. The 11 York county prisoners in the Huntingdon Reformatory cost the county about \$800 for the year.

BUCKLEN'S ARNICA SALVE.—The Best Salve in the world for cuts, bruises, sores, ulcers, salt rheum, fever sores, tetters, chapped hands, chilblains, corns, and all skin eruptions, and positively cures piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box. For sale by J. W. Dicks.

THIS SPACE will be occupied next week by A. S. Feiser's Furniture Ad. in which he will tell of some big bargains in furniture. To those who may want furniture we would watch for it, it will be interesting.

Shoes at Cost!

INTENDING TO QUIT BUSINESS, so far as the SELLING of Boots and Shoes are concerned, I will from now until my entire stock is disposed of sell what Boots and Shoes I have on hand strictly at cost. My stock includes

Men's and Ladies' Fine and Coarse Shoes!
Children's and Infants' Shoes and Slippers!
Men's and Ladies' Rubber Shoes, &c., &c.

I will however continue to repair shoes and boots in the same neat and tasty style as heretofore and at the same low prices.

Now is your chance, will you take advantage of it?

Yours truly,
S. J. WOLF,
Hanover St., New Oxford.

PUBLIC SALE.

On Wednesday, Feb. 27, 1895, the undersigned, administrators of the estate of John Haines, late of Oxford township, Adams county, Pa., deceased, will sell at public sale at the late residence of said deceased, at the edge of New Oxford borough, on Berlin street, the following personal property: TWO COWS, both young and good milkers; 1 pair hay loaders; 1 shovel plow, corn fork, 1 horse wagon, 1 spring wagon, 1 new buggy harness, 1 buggy and harness, 10 tin cans, 2 barrels, 1 cultivator, 60 chickens, 1 plow, wheelbarrow, 2 ladders, rakes and forks, grindstone, lot of locust posts, rails, hay, straw, and corn fodder, chop box, lot of grain sacks, grain shovel, grain cradle, astle and snath, riding saddle, double and singletrees, lot of cow chains, lot of carpenter tools, corn in the ears by the bushel, maul and wedges, axe, mattock, wood saw, etc. Also, HOUSEHOLD FURNITURE, consisting of 2 eight-day clocks, 24 doz. cane-seated chairs and rocker, 1 cooking stove and fixtures, 1 gasolene stove, 1 coal stove and pipe, 1 double-cupboard and pipe, 1 corner cupboard, 3 stands, 1 doz. chairs, 6 chests, 1 floor cloth, 1 sofa, kitchen cupboard, 2 tubs, 4 tables, 1 extension table, 4 bedsteads and bedding, 1 secretary, lot of carpeting and matting, dough-tray, double barreled shot gun, 1 sideboard, 4 rocking chairs, 1 lounge, lot of books, 3 looking glasses, pictures and frames, spinning wheel and reel, oil-cloth, window blinds and fixtures, lot of bed clothes, benches, 1 copper kettle, 1 brass kettle, 1 iron by the pound, vinegar and barrel, cider barrel, bread chest, 3 slugs, boxes, potatoes by the bushel, smoothing iron, dishes, earthen and tinware, fruit jars, coal oil lamps, coal bucket, and many other articles not mentioned. Sale to commence at 10 o'clock, a. m., when terms will be made known by the undersigned.
HENRY HAINES,
HENRY STOKER,
Administrators.

At the same time there will be sold one consolidated coupon of the Northern Central Railroad Co., \$1000 coupon bond.
Also 10 Shares of Stock of the People's Bank of Hanover.

G. W. WEAVER & SON, GETTYSBURG, PA.

Spring Will Come Again!

Every day brings us new goods for the spring business which is sure to come, we believe, in larger measure than ever before.

WOOL NOVELTIES! Silk & Wool.
-DRESS STUFFS!

CHEAP! BEAUTIFUL! STYLISH!
ASTONISHINGLY

Dress Waist Silks
OF EVERY CHARACTER!

Every day brings us something new.

THE LEADERS.

G. W. WEAVER & SON,
GETTYSBURG, PA.

Stock's Mid-Winter Slaughter Sale

In order to close all fall and winter goods we have marked them at such prices that will make them go quickly.

The following are a few of the many bargains we are offering:

Men's Overcoats,	were \$10.00,	now \$6.50.
Men's Overcoats,	" 6.00,	" 3.99.
Boys' Overcoats,	" 5.00,	" 3.49.
Ladies' coats,	" 6.00,	" 3.99.
Children's coats,	" 4.00 to 5.00,	" 1. to 3.50.
Men's Stiff Hats,	" 1.25 to 2.00,	" 0.35.
Men's Linen Collars,	were 0.12½,	now 0.05.
Comforts,	" 1.50,	" 1.19.
Comforts,	" 1.25,	" 0.89.
Comforts,	" 0.90,	" 0.69.

Blankets at greatly reduced prices.

The above are good bargains and will be worth looking at before buying elsewhere.

Respectfully,

E. C. STOCK,

SWARTZ BUILDING, NEW OXFORD.

EMMERT & BRO., NEW OXFORD, PA.

HAVING completed the inside of our store room, we are again ready for business. The improvement just completed gives us a good light, and our customers can buy with more pleasure, if not with more satisfaction. We will be pleased to see all our old customers again, and we feel sure that the quality of goods we give for the prices we ask, will bring us new customers.

IT is our purpose in this advertise ment to tell the public that we have added an entirely new, full and complete line of **SHOES**, our stock embracing shoes for Men, Ladies and Children, from the finest to the coarse, everyday wear. We have put the prices on them to so low a notch that we make just a living profit. An inspection of our stock is all we ask, feeling sure that our prices will do the rest.

HATS.—We also desire to impress upon the public that our stock of **HATS** is new, and embraces the latest styles of Stiff, Crush and Soft Hats. We cleaned out our old stock completely at our clearance sale last spring and summer which made it necessary to buy an entirely new stock this fall. Don't be afraid that our prices will not be right. They are always that way. Inspect the stock, anyhow.

We have also been adding largely to our stock of **DRY GOODS, &c.,** but we will talk of that later on. Yours very truly,

EMMERT & BRO.

BARGAIN STORE!

New and Useful Presents with Goods.

We have made arrangements to give quite a number of premiums as follows:
With \$10 worth of Goods, we give a fine Glass Cracker Jar.
With \$10 worth of goods a Glass Fruit Stand.
With \$25 worth of goods either a Glass Berry Set or a Beautiful Picture. This glassware is of the finest glass, and should be seen to be appreciated. The picture you know all about.

With \$45 worth of goods we give a Finely Decorated Chamber Set of 10 pieces—good ware. This should also be seen to be appreciated. Call and see the premiums, at any rate, whether you buy or not. Our prices are always as low as anywhere in town, while our goods are of the best.

We are now making a special drive on Syrups—at 24c., 30c., 40c., and 50c. per gallon. We also have some rare bargains in fruits. Come in and examine our goods—we will treat you right.

Yours most respectfully,

F. S. LIVINGSTON.

P. S.—We have a large Hall, suitable for a factory for rent. Rent—cheap.

The Item Job Printing Office is complete, and turns out neat work; try it.

THE ITEM

PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY

BY H. I. SMITH.

TERMS—\$1.00 per annum, in advance—\$1.50 if not paid within the year. No subscription discontinued unless at the option of the publisher, until all arrearages are paid. A failure to order a discontinuance at the expiration of the time subscribed for, will be considered a new engagement. **ADVERTISEMENTS** inserted at the usual rates—liberal reductions to those advertising by the year.

JOB PRINTING of every description—from the smallest label or card to the largest handbill or poster—done with dispatch, at the lowest rates.

OFFICE in Sunday's Hall, (second floor,) adjoining the Eagle Hotel, Centre Square.

FRIDAY EVENING, FEB. 22, 1895.

TOWN AND COUNTRY.

Col. James Young, the king of Pennsylvania farmers, has 325 cattle in his stables at Middletown.

The Baltimore American says that a large number of excellent counterfeit silver dollars are in circulation.

Mrs. Martha Dickson of Hunters-town met with a sad accident last week by falling and dislocating her shoulder.

The Evangelical church of East Berlin, has been bought from the Bowmanites, for \$150 by the United Evangelicals.

On Sunday week seventeen cows were found dead in a field near Marietta whether from the cold or other causes was not learned.

At the February meeting of the Directors of the Poor, a cut of ten percent was made on the salaries of all the officers except the clerk.

The Mt. Holly Echo says that any girl who marries a man to reform him, would be fool enough to tickle the hind quarter of an army mule.

A tame rabbit belonging to A. C. Miller, of East Berlin, gave birth to 10 small rabbits last week. The birth of so many is said to be something unusual.

Jacob H. Wentz, who lives along the Carlisle pike, threshed 715 bushels of grain in 2½ days by horse power. The biggest half day's work was 160 bushels.

Wm. Brown, of Hunterstown, while working in a well the other day was hurt by a stone falling and hitting him on the shoulder. He is unable to do any work.

The Hanover Fire Co. has decided to use horses to draw their engine. The necessary change will be made to the engine house as soon as the weather will permit.

George A. Trone, of Hanover, Saturday morning caught a wild duck on Middle street. It had evidently been blown inland by the storm, and its wings and feathers were heavy with ice.

Peter Hoffheins, of Hamilton township, while working about the barn, strange to say, tore one of the sinews of one of his legs on last Saturday and will be confined to his house six or eight weeks.

At 2 o'clock on last Friday morning the chicken house of Mr. Charles Peters, in Liberty township, was discovered to be on fire. By strenuous efforts part of the building was saved. Eight chickens were burned.

Mr. Frank Colgan, of near Irish-town, had an upset while on his way to this place last Saturday, and badly dislocated his left elbow. The dislocation was reduced by our doctors and Mr. Colgan is doing as well as can be expected.

Mrs. Elizabeth Stahley, residing near Bonneauville, is nearly 90 years old. Mrs. Stahley was married when 16 years old and has a son only 17 years younger than herself. Mrs. Stahley is a remarkable woman for age, and enjoys good health. On Thursday last she walked through deep snow drifts, a distance of a mile, to visit a neighbor.

Watch the person who is ever speaking ill of others. He is generally off shape himself and may be depended upon not to have any good word for you when he is talking to others, no matter what your virtues may be. The fellow who is continually searching for dark spots is blind as a bat to the bright side of life.

Howard Wolf, of Hendrix Station, made a very narrow escape from sudden death last Sunday week. He was shoveling snow in a cut on the W. M. railroad when, without warning, an engine dashed into the drift cutting its way clear through. The gentleman only had time to throw himself to the side of the track as the engine swept past.

A Missing Girl

Carrie V. Wagner, aged 13 years, daughter of George W. Wagner, of near Westminster, disappeared on Monday, and also a hired man, Cameron Reeper. He has a wife and two children. Reeper was from near Gettysburg, and a man answering his description bought a ticket for Gettysburg, Monday at Hillen Station. A detective has gone to Gettysburg to look after the girl's whereabouts.—Herald.

Penitentiary Account.

The bill sent from the Eastern Penitentiary to the County Commissioners shows a balance due the Penitentiary of \$615.39. Seventeen prisoners were sent from this county in 1894. The charge for their support is \$805.69. Work done by them gives the county a credit of \$190.30.

In the account for 1893, the county is charged with \$715.50, or \$213.22—balance \$502.28.

The county is charged with 18 cts. per day for each prisoner.

School Entertainment.

Next Tuesday evening the Parochial School of this place will give an entertainment in Miller's Hall, as was announced by large posters printed at The Item office this week. The great success of the entertainment given by this school last year should insure to the school this year a crowded house, and all who may attend next Tuesday evening can go feeling assured of being entertained in the same pleasant manner as those present were last year. The program will consist of dialogues, farces, singing music, &c., but will be entirely new—no old ones will be reproduced. The Weaver boys, Miss Iva Beck and George Beck will again take prominent parts. Prof. O. A. Smith will preside at the piano.

Birthday Party.

Last Tuesday evening, a reunion of the family and friends of Mrs. Clunk, of Irishtown, took place at her home, in honor of her 61st birthday. All the members of the family, besides invited friends, were present, and spent an enjoyable time. An elegant supper was served and some valuable presents received by Mrs. Clunk.

Those present were:—John Clunk, wife and two daughters, Harry Clunk, wife and two children, Frank Hertz, wife and son, Miss Gertie Clunk, Mr. Arthur, wife, daughter and son, Peter Weaver, wife and son, Levi King and wife, Wm. Sipling and wife, John Martin, wife and daughter, Lewis Smith and wife, Mrs. Charles Buntz, Mrs. Small, Wm. Hertz and daughter, Misses Alice Leonard, Sallie Smith, Gertie and Maggie Sneeringer, Bell Lawrence, Alice Henkle and Miss Kuhn, Messrs. George Martin, Frank and William Ackerman, Harry Hemler, Monroe Hildebrand, George Bollinger, Stanley Weaver and John Wilt. Valentine Hertz furnished the music. Dancing began at about 7:30, and the last set was called at 11 o'clock, after which all returned to their homes having enjoyed a delightful evening.

—The above communication was intended for last week's issue but was crowded out.

Horribly Burned.

A terrible accident occurred in Reading township last Friday morning. Miss Annie Haverstock, the 15 year old daughter of Samuel Haverstock, who is employed as a domestic in the household of Ed. G. Richardson, of near Hampton, was employed in making a new fire in a wood stove and had placed some burning embers and ashes in a bucket nearby. In working around the stove her dress came in contact with the ashes and embers and ignited, and in a few seconds her entire form was enveloped in flames. Mrs. Richardson endeavored to extinguish the fire with water but was unsuccessful. The girl then, with great presence of mind, ran out and threw herself into the snow, rolling round and round until she was entirely free from the fire. Dr. Myers, of Hampton, was hurriedly summoned and it was found that her limbs and the lower part of her body was greatly burned. The usual methods of relief were applied but the terrible sufferings that follow such an accident, that can only be alleviated, is at present keeping the subject of the accident in great pain. It is said her dress was almost entirely consumed by the fire. Although she is in a very bad condition it is supposed she will recover.—News.

Theo. Oullison, of Cumberland township, is missing and has not been seen since Feb. 7th, the night of the snow storm. It seems that Mr. Oullison was in Gettysburg in the afternoon and his family have not seen or heard of him since. It is supposed that he got caught in the storm and was frozen. He was about 67 years old and resided one mile north of Gettysburg. Parties are searching for him, his family being very much worried.

THE ELECTION.

The election on Tuesday in this borough was almost a clean sweep for the Republicans, they having elected their entire ticket, with the single exception of constable. The following is the vote.

R. Councilman. D.
Kepner, 101. Warner, 41
Stock, 84.

School Director, Ruff, 54.
Hersh, 66. Taughinbaugh, 39.

Auditor, Ehrhart, 53.
Wolf, 77.

Judge, Sheely, 53.
Barnitz, 75. Inspector, Sunday, 48.

Byers, 81. Assessor, Webber, 52.
Roth, 73. Constable, Geesey, 85.

Staub, 46. Mr. John S. Weaver got one vote for Councilman.

The Democrat ticket won in Straban by a majority of 19.

The Lyncem Theatre Company.

IN MILLER'S HALL ALL WEEK.

The above excellent Company is without doubt the strongest company of players ever seen in New Oxford, and it will likely be a long day before you have another chance to witness such performance here as they are giving. The Company is a strong one in every particular. Mr. W. B. Porter is a sterling actor, and has been seen to advantage in several different roles this week. His support is beyond criticism. Billy and May Wien in their specialties take the house by storm; Miss Kate Spencer and Miss Carrie Wyman are both clever actresses and handle the difficult parts assigned to them in the most polished manner, and their wardrobe is something grand. Messrs. Harry Hoffman and Evan Harris are two capable actors and make the most of their various parts.

Monday night "A Noble Outcast" was presented; Tuesday night, "Rip Van Winkle;" Wednesday night, "Hazel Kille;" Thursday night, "Two Irish Hearts;" To-night, Friday, "East Lynne" will be played for the benefit of the Fire Company. Saturday night the great Western drama, "Reddy the Mail Girl," will be presented. If you are fond of good acting avail yourself of this opportunity, for it will be a long time before New Oxford gets such a company again. Prices 15 and 25 cts.

On Saturday afternoon a Matinee will be given, when "Peck's Bad Boy" will be presented. Price 10 cents for all.

Birthday Surprise.

Last Friday evening Mr. Frank Fleschman, of near town, was very agreeably surprised by his friends from all directions crowding in upon him at his residence until it seemed that it would be no room for himself. He understood the nature of the surprise, however, shortly after his friends arrived, for a vigorous pull at his ears forcibly reminded him that the day was the 34th anniversary of his birth, and that the crowd intended to celebrate it in a befitting manner. Games of all kinds, dancing, and other social amusements made the time spent there so enjoyable as to leave it indelibly stamped upon the memories of those present.

Those present were: George Sunday and wife, J. S. Weaver and wife, Charles Haar and wife, M. C. Topper (and wife), A. G. Low and wife of New Oxford; Chas. Hemler and wife, W. Hemler and wife, Frank Hemler and Chas. Hemler, Jr., of Mountpleasant; Henry Smith and wife, G. P. Smith and wife, Samuel Smith and wife, Jos. Smith and wife, Lewis Smith and wife, David Fink and wife, John Martin and wife, J. Colgan and wife, Ed. Hemler and wife, H. Crise and wife, Geo. Lawrence and wife, Ignatius Lingg and Clement Lingg of Irishtown; Nicholas Wagner and wife, Henry Clunk and wife, George Crismer and wife, Louis Kuhn and wife, Jerome Clunk and wife, Jos. Clunk and wife, Louis Klunk and wife, and Jos. Poin and wife of Hanover.

Are you Having Sale this Spring?

Don't delay in ordering your sale bills at the ITEM office. Remember just as soon as you order the bills a free notice of your sale goes in the ITEM, which will be continued until day of sale. Bills printed cheaper than ever before.

Weather Prophet Hicks predicted hard storms, with snow, cyclones and blizzards during the period between the 6th and 13th of February. He says the storm period, 20th to 24th, will make a record to be remembered. The heaviest disturbances will be from the 22d to the 24th. A great cold wave will follow from the northwest. He says the probabilities are that dangerous local floods may result from heavy rains, impeded by the breaking and forcing of the ice, along rivers and streams, that flow through narrow valleys.

PERSONAL.

Miss Emma Wisensale, of Littlestown, visited her cousin, Besse R. Coleman, last week.

Mr. Henry Otto, of Baltimore, gave us a pleasant call Friday afternoon.

Harry Coleman, of Altoona, spent Thursday with his father and friends in this place. He left for Jacksonville, Florida, on a business trip.

Miss Lottie Cashman, spent a few days with friends in Littlestown.

J. A. Sheely, of this place, teacher in the public school at Hanover, fell on the ice last week and sprained his wrist.

Glen Gardner, of New York, spent Sunday with friends in this place.

Mrs. Margaret Heltzel is home after a visit of nearly two months with friends in Baltimore. Her daughter-in-law, Mrs. Wm. Heltzel and son accompanied her.

Mr. William Ruff, of Gettysburg, brother of J. U. Ruff, of this place, was stricken by paralysis on Friday night. His right side was affected and also his speech. It is said he is in a critical condition.

CHURCH NOTICES.

Services in the Reformed church on Sunday at 2 p. m.; subject, Church in Sardis. Sunday school at 9 a. m.; C. E. Society 6 p. m. Prayer-meeting Friday evening. Special service in two weeks, March 3, in the afternoon a memorial service in respect to the death of Harry Sheely will be observed. In the evening of March 3, a special sermon to the young will be preached. We cordially and urgently invite all young of town and vicinity to these services, irrespective of denominational faiths.

Rev. P. E. HEMMER, Pastor.

There will be only one Mass in the Catholic church Sunday morning—Low Mass at 8 o'clock.

Rev. P. P. HEMLER, Pastor.

Rev. Clare will preach in P. O. S. of A. hall, in this place, on Sunday evening, Feb. 24. All are invited.

Deaths.

Mrs. Lucinda S. Harrison, wife of W. Harrison, of Cumberland township, died suddenly of heart failure on Saturday afternoon. She was in the kitchen preparing supper for her husband, when she was suddenly attacked. She was carried up stairs, but died within ten minutes. She was in her 70th year.

Frank Willet, aged 60 years, died last Wednesday morning at his home in Abbottstown, from an apoplectic stroke. Up until a year ago Mr. Willet was a farmer of Hamilton township, since which time he has lived a retired life.

BUSINESS NOTICES.

MUSICAL COLLEGE—Spring term opens May 6. For catalogue, address HENRY B. MOYER, Freeburg, Pa.

FOR SALE OR RENT—8 acres of land with improvements. For particulars call on or address, B. F. CHRONISTER, New Oxford.

WANTED—Farmers having broom corn to have their brooms made at J. A. Melborn's Factory, in Oxford twp. Brooms made cheap for cash, or on the shares. Satisfaction guaranteed.

PRICES HAVE BEEN REDUCED—All roads seem to lead to New Chester now for parties wanting to buy furniture. Mr. G. F. Witter, the popular furniture dealer of that place, has reduced the price so that fine furniture can be purchased at cheap furniture prices. His stock embraces everything kept in a first class store, so that you cannot go amiss for anything you want. Give him a call.

MARRIED.

Feb. 14, by Rev. D. T. Koser, Mr. Upton H. Cromer, of Cumberland twp., to Miss Sue E. Fisher, of Butler twp.

Feb. 14, by the same, Mr. Robert Haar, of Latimore twp., to Miss Susan C. Stoke, of York county.

DIED.

Deaths free—tributes, verses, &c., 5 cents a line

Feb. 18, at the residence of his grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. Jacob Smith near town, John Curvin, only son of O. A. and Mamie Smith, of Hanover street, aged 1 year, 3 months and 6 days.

A bud the Gardener gave us,
A pure and lovely child;
He gave it to our keeping,
To cherish undivided.
But just as it was opening,
To the glory of the day,
Down came the heavenly Gardener,
And took our bud away.

Feb. 15, in Mountpleasant township, Mrs. Sarah Wolford, aged 56 years.

Feb. 15, in Union twp., Mr. Jesse Stonewall, aged about 58 years.

Feb. 13, in Union township, Benjamin Clouser, Sr., aged about 80 years.

Recent Wills.

John W. Yohe, of Reading township, gives \$25 to his son William, and bequeaths the rest of his estate, both real and personal, to his daughter Bertha, intermarried with Luther Pottorff, for her natural life, and on her death to his granddaughter, Ethel Pottorff. The said daughter Bertha is to provide for the support and maintenance of his widow, Jane M. Yohe, who is also to reside with said daughter Bertha, who he names as sole executrix.

John L. Gubernator, of McSherrystown, gave to Josephine Hessam, of New Orleans, \$2,000 in Louisiana State bonds, and as an ancient keepsake, the roster of the Company of Continental Guards of Louisiana, of which he and Mr. Hassam were members. To St. Joseph's Monastery in the Parish of Tangipahoa, in Louisiana, \$7,000 in Louisiana State bonds and also his library, book cases, pamphlets, maps, his father's diploma, the portrait of Jefferson Davis and the sketch of La Salle discovering the Mississippi. The Monastery is to assume control of his tomb in Lafayette Cemetery, New Orleans. To his brother, James W. Gubernator he gave all his silverware bearing his name or mark, and the Mrs. E. J. Lytle and M. E. Wilson, of New Orleans, he gives all his other silverware. Of his other personal property he gives Emma and Mary Hart the privilege of selecting any article they may wish. He gives his gold watch, No. 40430, and chain to John L. Gubernator, his nephew, and his other gold watch and chain to Henry Gubernator, another nephew. To his brother James, he gives the pictures of himself and wife; to Mrs. Agnes Lawrence, the picture of his mother-in-law, his wife and two sisters; to Mary Hart and Agnes Lawrence, his mother's baptismal certificate and small picture of her and his father. All other pictures are to be distributed among his family. To his cousin, Chas. J. Dellone, he gives a pair of paper weights on his writing desk and another pair to his brother, Jas. W. Gubernator. All other personal property is to be sold. A small claim of \$75 against the city of New Orleans he directs to be paid to Miss Harriet Knight. He directs his executor to sell his real estate. The proceeds of the personalty and realty are to be divided as follows: To Mary and Emma Hart \$400 each, and the balance equally between his nephews and nieces. Edward J. Kuhn is executor. The will was made on the 6th of February, 1895, the date of his death.

One of the best aids to the schools for boys and girls is to have a good local newspaper in the family. The ITEM with its general and local news read by every member of the household is an educator. Its news of the world furnishes history for the young, is an aid in geography and a help in the education of the children. It will pay the boys and girls to become newspaper readers.

A Des Moines woman who has been troubled with frequent colds, concluded to try an old remedy in a new way, and accordingly took a tablespoonful (four times the usual dose) of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy just before going to bed. The next morning she found that her cold had almost entirely disappeared. During the day she took a few doses of the remedy (one teaspoonful at a time) and again took a tablespoonful before going to bed, and on the following morning awoke free from all symptoms of the cold. Since then she has on several occasions, used this remedy in like manner, with the same good results, and is much elated over her discovery of so quick a way of curing a cold. For sale at Dicks' drug store.

THE MARKETS.

NEW OXFORD—By Z. H. Cashman
Choice Wheat.....20 53
No. 2 ".....51
Raked ".....45
Rye.....43 @ 45
Corn.....40 @ 43
Oats.....30 @ 33
Clover seed, per lb.....6 @ 8
Timothy seed.....1.50 @ 2.50
Timothy hay.....6.00 @ 1.50
Rye straw.....5.00 @ 6.00

Patents obtained. Easy terms. Thirty five years' experience. Examinations and Reports free. Prompt attention. Send drawing and description to L. BAUGER & Co., ATT'YS, 309 N. 4th St., Washington, D. C.

Is it Cold Enough for You?

Well, if you're cold, we are willing to help keep you warm, partly at our expense. We still have a lot of Blankets that you may have for less than cost. We are determined not to carry any of them over next summer, and this cold weather makes you need them. So come along and get them for less than we paid. You're welcome to them, even if we do lose money.

We also have a lot of Comforts that may go at less than cost.

Don't forget our Overcoat bargains. You never heard of such low prices before.

At least six more weeks of winter. A pair of Blankets and a good Overcoat will help keep you comfortable and may prevent Doctor bills.

Remember, when we say below cost we mean every word of it.

CARVER & LITTLE,
No. 8 Baltimore Street,
HANOVER, PA.

THE DAYS AND THE YEAR.

What is the world, my own little one?
Our world belongs to that clock the sun.
Steady its spins; while the clock beats true
Days and seasons for me and you.
And tick-tick-took! goes the mighty clock
While time swings on below,
Now left—now right; now day—now night,
With a tick-tick-took to and fro.

The pussy-willow in coat of fur;
A sweet pink rose in the wind astir;
A maple leaf with a crimson blush;
Then falling snowflakes, and winter's hush—
While tick-tick-took goes the mighty clock,
And the world swings on below,
Budding—blowing; shining—snowing—
With a tick-tick-took to and fro.

A little song to the heart is glad,
A little sigh when the way is sad;
Whether the shadows or sunbeams fall,
Sweet rest and dreaming at last for all,
While tick-tick-took goes the mighty clock,
And the world swings on below,
Smiling—sighing; singing—crying—
With a tick-tick-took to and fro.

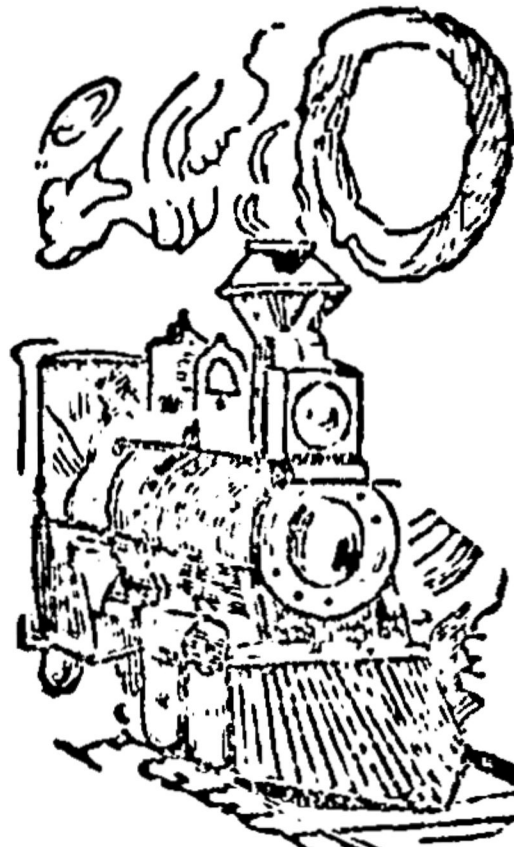
So this is the way, my own little one,
Our world belongs to that clock the sun,
And the hand that somewhere keeps the
key

Is the same that holdeth you and me,
While tick-tick-took goes the mighty clock,
And the world swings on below,
Now left—now right; now day—now night,
With a tick-tick-took to and fro.

—Harriet F. Blodgett, in St. Nicholas.

CASWELL'S EXPEDIENT.

BY EDSON KEMP.



NE evening a group of delegates to the convention of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers sat in the rotunda at the Palmer House in Chicago, telling stories.

Among them was a grizzled, oldish man from the Old Colony, who had a curious red scar bending around from his forehead across his right temple and down upon his right cheek, with almost as regular a curve as if it had been marked there with a compass. The redness of its color indicated that the mark had been inflicted not very long ago.

The man who wore the scar had taken no part in the conversation. Presently one of the Western delegates said to him:

"Come, Brother Hawkins, you ought to have a story to tell. How did you get that scar, now?"

The Old Colony man colored a little and looked uneasy.

"You fellows can tell stories," he said, "and I can't. But I will say this—I was never thankful for a hard blow in the face but once, and that was when I got this scar."

Then he subsided into silence, apparently supposing that there was nothing more to say. Of course the engineers about him raised a loud demand for the rest of the story, which seemed to surprise the Old Colony man. Under this pressure he went on, a little awkwardly.

"I hain't had the scar more'n about a year," he said. "I was running the three-thirty passenger out of Boston on the Cape Cod Division, as I am now when I'm at home. We had passed Wareham one blustering, blowing, rainy November afternoon; it was half-past five by that time, and as the sky was thick with clouds, it was just as dark as pitch."

"Between Wareham and Buzzard's Bay there's a stretch of woods, scrubby country where the track is pretty tolerably crooked, crossing and dodging the salt-water inlets. You can't see far ahead of you at any time."

"But if I'm going to tell you this story anywhere near right, I've got to get you out of my cab and onto the Flying Dude; and that's a great privilege, I can tell you, for they say it takes a patent of nobility to make you eligible to ride on that fast express. It's a swell affair, that runs down on the east shore of Buzzard's Bay."

"By the hour I mentioned the Dude should have been at Wood's Holl, her run made; but she had stopped at Middleboro on account of a hot box, and was way behind time. She had gone on, and was flying along through the woods between Wareham and Onset, not more than fifteen minutes ahead of our time, when that same hot box began to smoke again, hotter than fire."

"There was nothing for them to do but haul up and cool her off. But they knew that we were coming right behind. The Dude had just made a curve where the track follows the bend of the bay, and it was a bad place. I shouldn't have seen the Dude's rear lights around that curve until we were right on her. Of course they sent a man back with a lantern to signal us. The man they took for the duty was a young brakeman, not over nineteen, by the name of Jimmy Caswell. He hadn't been working for the road more than two years, but he came of a very good family of folks down to Falmouth,

and was a mighty bright, gentlemanly sort of a youngster—just the kind that the swells who travel down to the bay like to have on the Flying Dude."

"He'd been put forward a good deal for a fellow of nineteen, and it was somewhat the result of favor, I dare say, that he was on that train; but they all had a great deal of confidence in him. I'll leave it to you to say whether the confidence was justified. Well, Jimmy set out in the dark and rain and wind with his red lantern back along the track. He had to go quite a piece, for there's a second curve along back a little ways on that crooked line there, and after that a long, clear stretch, and he wanted to get around the second curve and warn us there."

"He was making pretty well along toward the second curve, running his head against the storm, and was just where he was out of sight of both trains—the Dude standing still and we a—coming—with woods along the inner side of the curve, so that nothing whatever could be seen of him or his lantern at that point from either train. Then suddenly he heard my train rolling up in the distance."

"He started to run, Jimmy, did, to get around the second turn in season to signal me there. It seems that he knew he had plenty of time to make the bend, as he owned up afterward, but he wanted to be mighty sure."

"Just as he started up, what do you suppose happened? A stronger gust of wind than any of the rest come whistling through the scrub, and that and the motion of Jimmy's start to run blew out his lantern. Then my train coming along roared louder yet, for the wind was coming to him from my way."

"Jimmy wasn't at all scared. He knew he had time to strike a light. He put his fingers in his upper vest pocket after matches. No matches there. That made him feel kind of queer. Then he put his fingers in his other upper vest pocket. None there, either."

"He heard my train roaring nearer and nearer. It was coming around the second bend. Then, he owned up, Jimmy was a good deal scared."

"He jumped right down the middle of the track in the dark toward my train, not knowing what he was going to do, but feeling that somehow or other he was going to stop the train before it went on and crashed into the express. As he ran, my headlight loomed out on him through the mist coming up around the bend."

"He yelled like a madman, but his voice might as well have been the squeak of a mouse. Not a sound could be heard through the racket that the storm and the locomotive made together, as you all would know very well."

"As for me, I never heard nor saw a thing on the track before me, though Jimmy stood straight in the middle of it all the while, waving the lantern with no light in it, and hollering till he was black in the face. My headlight seemed to me to be shining about a dozen feet into a kind of thick pudding of rain and mist."

"Jimmy told me that he stopped all at once, when it seemed that my headlight was not fifty feet away from him. Probably it was more than that. It occurred to him that he hadn't time to be scared. He must take time to think. So he thought; and the lives of two hundred people depended on his thinking to good advantage."

"He wondered if it would be best to throw himself down on the track and let the train go over him. He was willing to do it, if it would do any good. But he thought that the chances were ten to one that his body would throw the train off the track, whereas there was at least a small chance that if my train went on I might bring it to a stop some way in time to save a bad smash-up."

"Anyhow, he resolved not to throw himself down, but to do the thing he did do. He stepped off the track—and by this time I saw him dimly by the light from the headlight—and measuring his distance coolly, he threw his lantern with all his might straight through the side window of the cab!"

"As luck would have it, the lantern got free of the broken glass before it struck me, and the bottom of it hit me fair and square in the side of the head, here, just where you see the mark. For an instant it stunned me, but by the time I had got back my senses I found that I had reversed the engine and put on the air-brake, and the train was coming to a stop."

"It was just second nature to any engineer—and Jimmy Caswell knew well it would be—to know that any human being wouldn't do a thing like that unless there was good cause for the engine to stop. My fireman would have stopped the train if I hadn't, when he saw the lantern come in; but he says that he hadn't more than heard the crash of the lantern through the window before he saw me jump for the throttle and the air-brake."

"After the train had come to a stop, and I, without knowing what had really happened, was wiping the blood off my face and thinking that somebody had tried to kill me and wreck the train, that boy came running up alongside the cab, panting, clean out of breath, and climbed up, all wet, into the cab. 'My gracious!' he

managed to get out, pretty soon, 'did I hit you?'

"Somebody hit me," says I; 'I don't know who 'twas nor what 'twas.' 'I threw my lantern at you,' says he, as cool as a frog."

"You did!" says I; 'well, what did you do that for?'

"To keep you from running into the Dude," says he."

"By this time he was up in the cab, and he and the fireman were sopping my face with water. And then my head was swimming around again, and I didn't know any too well what was going on."

"But by the time the conductor and train hands and about two thirds of the passengers had come swarming around, I was able to order 'em back, and we pulled up and overhauled the express, slowly."

"Jimmy, he was full of apologies to me. 'My goodness,' says he, 'I hoped I shouldn't hit you, but I was bound to stop you anyway.'"

"That's so," says I. 'Don't talk about it any more. I might have passed you and never seen you, or if I had noticed you waving your arm by the side of the track I should have taken you for some fool of a tramp, and like as not paid no attention to you, and gone on at full speed around that next bend. But,' says I, 'you'd better go on to your own train, now.' 'I wish some of you fellows would lend me a lantern,' says he."

"I looked at his lantern, and saw that the glass had smashed when it went to the cab floor after hitting me."

"What's the matter?" says I. 'Haven't you any more lanterns on your train?'

"I'd rather go back with one," says he."

"That made me laugh. He wasn't going to let on but what he'd stopped my train in the regular way. And I don't believe he did. There was no occasion to report to anybody. That boy wasn't after any hero's honors, or any of that kind of business."

"But of course it came out, because, though I didn't ask for any leave, I had to go around for quite a spell with my face all plastered up."

"Doctor down to Yarmouth fixed me up all right. Jimmy offered to pay the bill, but bless you, I'd never let him do that, even if the doctor had charged me a cent, which he didn't."

"I was mighty glad to get out of that scrape with a scar on my face, and I reckon it won't amount to much after it's bleached out."

"How is Jimmy getting on? Oh, first-rate, I guess. If they ever thought of reprimanding him for not making sure he had matches with him, when he started out to signal that train, I guess they reflected that he'd shown qualities that redeemed that fault, and that the chances were that he'd make a first-rate railroad man."

"He's still braking on the Flying Dude. But it won't take many years to see him a conductor—you can depend on that."—Youth's Companion.

The Tide Turning South.

"Georgia ought to get thousands of settlers from Ohio and Pennsylvania," says "Sam" B. Webb, who has just returned from a trip to those States in the interest of the Central Railroad.

"The people in those States are discontented and are moving away. They do not want to settle in Kansas or Arkansas or Texas, where so many of their friends used to go. If Georgia only had some literature descriptive of her resources, it would attract thousands of good, honest, hardworking people of the agricultural and mechanical classes. The tide of emigration is now setting toward Tennessee, which State issued, probably a year ago, one of the most complete books on its resources that any State has ever got out. That book catches a possible immigrant as soon as he examines it. If our State will just let the world know what we have in the way of climate, soil, minerals, woods, water power and that sort of thing our uncultivated and low-priced lands will soon be in demand and the taxable property of the State will increase in value a hundred million dollars in a few years."—Atlanta Constitution.

Fine Funeral of a Pet Pug.

Paris is laughing over the extravagant funeral of the pet dog of an American family residing in the gay capital. The body was placed in two caskets, one of oak, the other leaden, conveyed in a hearse covered with flowers to Vaucresson, and there buried. A number of mourners in carriages followed the hearse to the cemetery, and a monument costing \$300 was erected over the grave, the total expenditure for the funeral amounting to over \$500.—Chicago Herald.

Substitutes Petroleum for Coal.

United States Consul Richman, at St. Gall, Switzerland, has transmitted to the State Department diagrams and a detailed description of a new device for burning petroleum to generate steam, known as the Gleeman-Baumgartner apparatus. The results obtained were strikingly successful, and in the opinion of experts indicate the displacement of coal as a steam producing fuel wherever petroleum can be procured.—New York Advertiser.

LOADING A CATTLE SHIP.

A CIRCUS LIKELY TO FORM PART OF THE PROCEEDING.

Wild Cattle That Will Do Anything Except Go on Board—Occasional Chases in the Water.

THE Le Fevre, belonging to the Jersey City Central stock yards, lay alongside a White Star liner bound for Liverpool, says the New York Sun. Three or four hundred cattle had already been transferred to the hold of the steamer and had made but slight objection to the process, the gangplank being almost level. The remainder of the herd were to be accommodated on the steamer's upper deck, to be "saloon passengers," as one of the ocean drovers remarked, and getting them up into their elevated quarters was the topic under consideration.

The steep ascent being pronounced impracticable, and other gangways with which it was proposed to reduce the grade being condemned as too weak, the upper end of the gangway was lowered with ropes some distance below the deck, so that it was at an angle of about forty-five degrees. High board sides were affixed to prevent the cattle from jumping overboard, and up this steep incline the cattle were forced, reaching the deck by a jump from the end of the gangway. There was much protest in the way of bellowing.

Two monstrous bullocks, one a dark red with a broken horn, the other dappled with white, were first to arrive at the end of the gangway. They looked up anxiously, and then turned as if seeking some way of escape, but their companions were crowding thick behind them, and on either side cowboys stood urging them on with admonishing blows and shouts. In spite of themselves they were forced a short distance up the gangplank, but there they hesitated, and no amount of urging and jabbing with long poles could induce them to climb further. Their eyes had the desperate, hunted look of wild creatures at bay. The spotted white bullock advanced a step or so ahead of his companion. A cowboy, young and vigorous, whose overcoat had lost nearly all of its outside glory from repeated exploits amid scenes, took advantage of this amiable disposition on the steer's part to give his tail a twist.

This device caused the huge creature to advance a few steps higher. The bullock with the broken horn stood rooted to the spot. He lifted his head and looked over the side of gangway as if contemplating a leap overboard. Then he turned and looked back, and seemed determined to do anything rather than climb to those unknown regions above. One of the steamer's crew put some hay temptingly at the top of the passage. The cowboy tweaked again at his victim's tail, the others shouted like madmen and waved their long poles, and the spotted white steer sprang forward in desperation and almost gained the top of the gangway.

The long poles were dug into his panting sides. He made a mighty effort and grabbed a mouthful of the hay. More blows, more cheers, and, after pausing irresolutely for another moment, he made the final leap up onto the dock. In the meantime no amount of coaxing, poking or pushing could induce the red steer to stir. Again and again he looked over into the water as if meditating a leap. The prowess of his companion only seemed to convince him of the impossibility of his doing likewise. He glanced around in terror, then, undeterred by the crowding horns at the foot of the passage, he turned in some indescribable way, though the space seemed much too narrow for him, and dashed down among his companions to seek his old quarters.

The men let him go and devoted their attention to the others. Now that one steer had scrambled up the steep incline it was not so difficult to persuade the rest to follow his example, particularly with fresh wisps of hay as inducements. Some proved intractable, and, after scrambling partly up the gangway, retraced their steps, and created panic among their fellows waiting at the foot. The cowboys did not permit these to have their own way, as did the red steer. They seized them by the horns and forced them to turn and again essay the difficult passage. The red-cheeked cowboy, whose tattered coat attested his valor, was particularly efficient in managing the rebellious spirits among the herd.

"That's Dave Erricson. He's a rare hand with the cattle," commented the Captain. "One night, when we were loading further up the river, and had a particularly wild lot of Colorados to deal with, two bullocks jumped overboard. Quick as a flash, Dave was over after them. He straddled the back of the nearest one, got hold of his horns, used them as a rudder, and steered that steer exactly where he wanted him to go. We got them both back, and it was a pitch dark night, too."

"Cattle swim well, don't they?" asked the reporter.

"Swim splendidly. If the weather is hot and they happen to be thirsty they would just as lief jump overboard as not. They're not as silly as sheep, though. When we're loading

sheep, if one jumps over into the water the whole business follows whether they want to or not. That's their nature."

"Are the cattle ever seasick when there's a heavy sea on?" asked the reporter.

"No, never. I never knew one of them to refuse its food. Horses get seasick, but not cattle. Sometimes when there's a big storm all the compartments that restrain the cattle, and the railings to which they are tied, are washed away. Then the ocean drovers have work trying to keep them in order. Sometimes everything is washed away, and cattle and all go to the bottom; but the owners don't care, because each bullock is fully insured as soon as it leaves the stock yard."

Every one of the cattle destined for shipment is inspected at the stock yard by a United States Inspector, and has a numbered metal tag inserted in the right ear. This is a matter of courtesy to the English Government, and to certify that the cattle are sound.

SELECT SIGHTINGS.

The demand for farms in Matabeleland, South Africa, continues to be in excess of the supply.

Egyptian lamps, dating, it is believed, from 3000 B. C., have been discovered in the catacombs along the Nile.

The French claim that gas-making was invented by Lebon, in 1802, who made gas by the dry distillation of wood.

In 1300 splinters dipped in oil were used in England and France to furnish light for guests retiring to their rooms.

Near Modena, in Italy, the petroleum gatherers dig a hole in the ground, and it is speedily filled with the oil.

A Maine physician certified that one of his late patients "died of old age, and that said disease is not contagious."

Although "Robinson Crusoe" was written 175 years ago, it is, and probably always will be, a classic for the children.

There are forty-eight different materials used in constructing a piano from no fewer than sixteen countries, and employing forty-five different hands.

A tramp dog caught a burglar in Annunciation Church, New York City, on a recent Sunday evening, and held him until the police came to take charge of him.

E. W. Abbott, of Elkton, Me., says that if his dog isn't the biggest in the country he wants to know whose dog is. The beast is thirty-three inches high and weighs 180 pounds.

It is said that Rubinstein owed his musical success largely to his personal magnetism, under the spell of which his auditors did not feel the false chords, which he frequently struck.

In the Sheriff's court at Berlin, Germany, the other day fifty-six cases occupied the judge from 10 o'clock in the morning until 1.30 in the afternoon, or an average of about four minutes for each case.

At Baden-Baden, the celebrated spa and summering resort, the municipality has restored and put into order Roman baths that were dug out in one of the parks. They were in good shape except the hypocaustum, and are now accessible.

The Sheriff of New York gives a bond of \$100,000 and his sureties must qualify in double the amount, or \$200,000. The Under Sheriff's bond is \$50,000, and his sureties must qualify in double. The deputy sheriffs give bonds in \$25,000; their sureties qualify in double.

The Duke of Athol has twenty-three titles, the Duke of Hamilton seventeen, the Dukes of Argyll and Buccleugh each sixteen, the Marquis of Bute fifteen, and the Duke of Abercorn thirteen. The Duke of Richmond has only nine, but three of them are dukedoms in Great Britain and one in France.

A portrait in oil of Peter the Great, believed to be the finest in existence, was discovered lately by an English traveler in a small village in Russia. He had stepped into a peasant's cottage to ask for a cup of tea, when he saw the picture hanging on the wall, framed in a tea tray, the edges of which were folded over the canvas, and bought it for a few shillings.

A Great Painter's Masterpiece.

Stupendous as are the dimensions of many pictures exhibited year by year on the walls of the popular galleries, and which would seem to appeal for attention more by reason of their quantity than of their quality, it is interesting to remember that Meissonier's little masterpiece commonly known in France as "The Five-Franc Piece," and representing two men discussing the siege of Bergen-op-Zoom, the whole being painted with the greatest accuracy and finish on a surface smaller than that of a five-shilling piece, is yet valued at close on \$5000. The precious little picture was painted by the great artist for a wager in a few hours.—Cincinnati Commercial.

A WOMAN'S NERVES.

THE STORY OF A WOMAN TO WHOM NOISE WAS TORTURE.

Prostrated by the Least Excitement—Physician Baffled by Her Case.

(From the Gale City, Keokuk, Iowa.)

Mrs. Helen Meyers, whose home is at 3515 Vernon avenue, Chicago, and whose visit to Keokuk, Ia., will long be remembered, was at one time afflicted with a nervous malady which at times drove her nearly to distraction. "Those terrible headaches are a thing of the past," she said the other day to a Gale City representative, "and there is quite a story in connection with it too.

"My nervous system sustained a great shock some fifteen years ago, brought on, I believe, through too much worrying over family matters, and then allowing my love for my books to get the better of my discretion where my health was concerned. Why, whenever my affairs at home did not go along just as I expected, I would invariably become prostrated from the excitement and I would consider myself fortunate indeed if the effects of the attack would not remain for a week. I was obliged to give up our pleasant home not far from the Lake shore drive, because I could not stand the noise in that locality. I could find no place in the city which I deemed suitable to one whose nervous system was always on the point of explosion. To add to my misfortunes my complexion underwent a change and I looked so yellow and sallow that I was ashamed to venture from the house at all.

"I had," said my doctor to me soon after an unusually severe attack of the malady, "unless you leave the city and seek some place of quiet, you will never recover." So I concluded I would visit my uncle, who lives in Dallas County, Iowa, and whose farm would surely be a good place for one in my pitiable condition. I picked up the Gale City one day and happened to come across an interesting record of the recovery of some woman in New York State who was afflicted with I had been. This woman had been cured by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. I thought that if Pink Pills cured that woman they might do the same for me. I began to take the pills according to directions and I began to feel better from the start. After I had taken several boxes of them I was ready to go back to Chicago. My nervousness was gone and my complexion was as fresh as that of any sixteen-year-old girl in Iowa, and Pink Pills is what put the color in my cheeks. No wonder I am in such high spirits and feel like a prize fighter. And no wonder I like to come to Keokuk for it had not been for Pink Pills bought from a Keokuk firm I would not have been alive now," laughingly concluded the lady.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills contain all the elements necessary to give new life and richness to the blood and restore shattered nerves. They are for sale by all druggists, or may be had by mail from Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Schenectady, N. Y., for 50 cents per box, or six boxes for \$2.50.

If the present rate keeps up, all the men will finally be lawyers, and all the women stenographers.

The Most Pleasant Way

Of preventing the grippe, colds, headaches and fevers is to use the liquid laxative remedy, Syrup of Figs, whenever the system needs a gentle, yet effective cleansing. To be benefited one must get the true remedy manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co. only. For sale by all druggists in 50c. and \$1 bottles.

New York has 1,000 Chinese laundries.

A Gloomy Outlook

is that of the dyspeptic, but his face will brighten when he knows that Ripans Tablets cure that terrible disorder and will make him a cheerful and happy man.

In certain Prussian restaurants a shilling is charged for the use of the table-cloth.

Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root cures all Kidney and Bladder troubles. Pamphlet and consultation free. Laboratory Binghamton, N.Y.

Of all the royal arms of Europe those of Great Britain and Ireland are the most complicated.

Karl's Clover Root, the great blood purifier, gives freshness and clearness to the complexion and cures constipation. 25 cts. 50 cts. \$1

Mexico has a pulque famine.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25 c. a bottle

Tasmania boasts diamonds.

I believe Pigo's Cure for Consumption saved my boy's life last summer.—MRS. ALLIE DOUGLASS, Le Roy, Mich., October 20, 1894.

Molasses is made from maize.

If afflicted with sore eyes use Dr. Isaac Thompson's Eye-water. Druggists sell at 25c per bottle

Scrofulous Taints

Lurk in the blood of almost every one. In many cases they are inherited. Scrofula appears in running sores, bunches, pimples and cancerous growths. Scrofula can be cured by purifying the blood with Hood's

Hood's Sarsaparilla Cures
Sarsaparilla. This great remedy has had wonderful success in curing this disease. It thoroughly eradicates the humor from the blood. Hood's Sarsaparilla cures the sores and eruptions by removing the impurities in the blood.

Hood's Pills cure all liver ills. 25c.

P N U 4

PATENTS TRADE MARKS Examination and advice as to patentability of invention. Send for Inventors' Guide, or how to get a patent. PATRICK O'FARRELL, Washington, D. C.

WRITERS WANTED to do copying at home. LAW COLLEGE, LIMA, O.

FREE SHORTHAND Instruction by MAIL. Situations secured. C. HAYDEN, Box 1102, Philadelphia, Pa.

PISO'S CURE FOR
CURES WHOLE ALL LIVER ILLS.
Best Cough Syrup. Cures Croup. Use in time. Sold by druggists.

HOUSEHOLD AFFAIRS.

SALAD DRESSING THAT NEVER FAILS.

One teaspoonful of mixed mustard, one-half teaspoonful of salt, yolks of two eggs (raw). Mix thoroughly and stir in slowly, drop or two at a time, one cup of the very best sweet oil; then add cider vinegar to taste. When finished it is a thick white cream. The juice of a lemon makes it extra nice. —New York Recorder.

CAKE CROQUETTES.

Mrs. Rorer's receipt for cake croquettes calls for sufficient stale cake that when rubbed between the hands will produce one pint of crumbs. Cover this with about a half pint of milk and soak for twenty minutes. Turn into a saucepan and stir over the fire until thick and boiling hot. Add the yolks of two eggs and a teaspoonful of vanilla, and turn out to cool. When cold form into pyramids, dip in egg, and then in bread crumbs and fry in smoking hot fat. Dust with powdered sugar and serve. They may also be served with a liquid pudding sauce. —New York Times.

APPLE FRITTERS.

Make a batter as for pan cakes, using three cups of flour, five beaten eggs, one quart of sweet milk, one teaspoonful of salt, and two heaping teaspoonfuls of baking powder. Beat the batter very hard, then add three large apples, pared and sliced, one tablespoonful of sugar, and one teaspoonful of cinnamon. Select apples that are easily cooked, or if they cannot be obtained, cover with water and cook until half done, then drain off every drop of the liquor, and when cold, stir into the batter. Fry at once in large spoonfuls. —American Agriculturist.

VEAL CURRY.

Cut up about two pounds of lean veal into small pieces. Cut a large onion and one large sour apple into slices, put them into a saucepan with a heaping tablespoonful of butter, and stir them about till lightly browned; then stir in a good tablespoonful of curry powder and a tablespoonful of flour. Add a pint of water and the veal, season with salt, stir around two or three times to mix thoroughly and cook gently an hour and a half, or until the veal is perfectly tender. Add the juice of half a lemon and stir it around very gently. Turn the curry on a hot dish and serve with a border of rice. —Boston Cultivator.

BREAD GRIDDLE CAKES.

Put a pint of stale bread and a pint of milk into a deep bowl, and after covering let them stand over night in a warm place. In the morning rub through a colander and add to the mixture a teaspoonful of salt, two tablespoonfuls of soda (previously dissolved in two tablespoonfuls of cold water), one cupful of flour and two eggs beaten well. If you choose you may also add a light grating of nutmeg, and should you have a few spoonfuls of sour cream the cakes will be improved by using it at this point. It takes more time to fry these cakes than the plain flour griddle-cakes. —New York World.

POP CORN Dainties.

Corn pops easily and nicely if the popper is passed gently over the lids of the stove, where there is a bright fire.

Corn Balls—For eight quarts of popped corn take one cup molasses, half a cup of sugar and a small piece of butter; boil until it hardens in water (not brittle), then mix with corn and make into balls.

Sugared Corn—For eight quarts popped corn take one pound of granulated sugar, one teaspoon of water; boil until the syrup "strings" or forms soft ball in water; flavor and pour over corn, and stir with wooden spoon until the syrup sugars. —New York Journal.

HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

Once a month is often enough for a dry shampoo. Too much washing is not good for the hair that inclines to be dry.

In baking bread or rolls put a saucepan of boiling water into the oven. The steam will keep the crust smooth and tender.

The merest dash of cinnamon in a cup of chocolate after it is poured is said to add a piquant and undistinguishable flavor.

Much of the heavy cake and bread is the result of the oven door being banged when closed. Close the door as gently as possible.

Wear well fitting shoes about the housework. They will be less fatiguing than loose, untidy slippers that are supposed to be worn for comfort.

If the children have no appetite in the morning insist on each drinking a glass of hot milk, salted. Do not allow them to go to school without food.

When you wish to use very dry bread for any purpose, soak it in cold milk or water instead of having them hot. The hot fluids seem to take the life out of dry bread and renders it soggy; the cold soaking leaves it flaky.

Do Not Sleep on the Left Side.

There is little doubt that an immense number of persons habitually sleep on the left side, and those who do so can never, it is said, be strictly healthy. It is the most prolific cause of nightmare, and also of the unpleasant taste in the mouth on arising in the morning. All food enters and leaves the stomach on the right side, and hence sleeping on the left side soon after eating involves a sort of pumping operation, which is anything but conducive of sound repose. The action of the heart is also seriously interfered with and the lungs unduly compressed. Hence it is best to cultivate the habit of always sleeping on the right side, although Sandow and other strong men are said to invariably sleep on their backs.



A Gentle Corrective

is what you need when your liver becomes inactive. It's what you get when you take Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets; they're free from the violence and the griping that come with the ordinary pill. The best medical authorities agree that in regulating the bowels mild methods are preferable. For every derangement of the liver, stomach and bowels, these tiny, sugar coated pills are most effective. They go about their work in an easy and natural way, and their good lasts. Once used, they are always in favor. Being composed of the choicest, concentrated vegetable extracts, they cost much more than other pills found in the market, yet from forty to forty-four are put up in each sealed glass vial, at the price of the cheaper made pills.

"Pleasant Pellets" cure biliousness, sick and bilious headache, dizziness, costiveness, or constipation, sour stomach, loss of appetite, coated tongue, indigestion, or dyspepsia, windy belchings, "heart burn," pain and distress after eating, and kindred derangements of the liver, stomach and bowels. Put up in sealed glass vials, therefore always fresh and reliable. Whether as a laxative, or in larger doses, as a gently acting but searching cathartic, these little "Pellets" are unequalled.

As a "dinner pill," to promote digestion, take one each day after dinner. To relieve the distress arising from over-eating, nothing equals one of these little "Pellets." They are tiny, sugar-coated, anti-bilious granules. Any child readily takes them. Accept no substitute that may be recommended to be "just as good." It may be better for the dealer, because of paying him a better profit, but he is not the one who needs help.

A free sample (4 to 7 doses) on trial, is mailed to any address, post-paid, on receipt of name and address on postal card. Address WORLD'S DISPENSARY MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, Buffalo, N. Y.

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

The Case Altered.

The sort of sentiment which the French system of marriages de convenience, or in plain English, of marriage for money, produces is well illustrated by a story which a French paper tells.

Marie, a young lady, announces to her parents that she has accepted the hand of Monsieur X.

"Child, you are crazy!" exclaims Marie's mother.

"But why, mamma?"

"Young X will have no money for many years, because it all belongs to his grandfather, and after that comes his father, and you will be old before you get at the property."

"But, mamma—"

"No buts about it—you are a bad and undutiful child!"

"But, mamma, it is the grandfather whom I've accepted!"

"The grandfather! Oh, you little angel!"

All the Same.

"Many days you have lingered about my cabin door; hard times, hard times come again no more." And the same Merry Christmas and Happy New Year passed as though the land was flowing with milk and honey. Some bought one thing and some bought another, but one of the best investments for a small sum paid well. It was not for a Christmas bush, but thousands got it and thousands who had suffered long and wearily with rheumatism were made doubly happy in being cured by St. Jacobs Oil. It leaves no trace behind, and all the same, the hard times will come no more to them. The luxury of health is worth a fortune.

Paper plates are used in some German restaurants.

Catarrh Cannot Be Cured

With local applications, as they cannot reach the seat of the disease. Catarrh is a blood or constitutional disease, and in order to cure it you must take internal remedies. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, and acts directly on the blood and mucous surface. Hall's Catarrh Cure is not a quick medicine. It was prescribed by one of the best physicians in this country for years, and is a regular prescription. It is composed of the best tonics known, combined with the best blood purifiers, acting directly on the mucous surface. The perfect combination of the two ingredients is what produces such wonderful results in curing catarrh. Send for testimonials free.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Props., Toledo, O. Sold by druggists, price 75c.

More than 20 villages in Italy are in ruins owing to the recent earthquakes.

BEECHAM'S PILLS

(Vegetable)

What They Are For

Biliousness indigestion
dyspepsia bad taste in the mouth
sick headache foul breath
bilious headache loss of appetite
sallow skin
pimples
torpid liver
depression of spirits

when these conditions are caused by constipation; and constipation is the most frequent cause of all of them.

One of the most important things for everybody to learn is that constipation causes more than half the sickness in the world, especially of women; and it can all be prevented. Go by the book, free at your druggist's, or write B. F. Allen Co., 365 Canal Street, New York. Pills, 10c. and 25c. a box.

Annual sales more than 6,000,000 boxes.

"The Best is, Aye, the Cheapest." Avoid Imitations of and Substitutes for

SAPOLIO

Scott's Emulsion

of Cod-liver Oil, with Hypophosphites of Lime and Soda, is a constructive food that nourishes, enriches the blood, creates solid flesh, stops wasting and gives strength. It is for all

Wasting Diseases

like Consumption, Scrofula, Anæmia, Marasmus; or for Coughs and Colds, Sore Throat, Bronchitis, Weak Lungs, Loss of Flesh and General Debility. Scott's Emulsion has no equal as

Nourishment for Babies and Growing Children.

Buy only the genuine put up in salmon-colored wrapper.

Send for pamphlet on Scott's Emulsion. FREE.

Scott & Bowne, N. Y. All Druggists. 50 cents and \$1.

Paris Ever Famous.

Paris was a famous and cultivated city ages before Venice. If we search for them, we may find in its historical associations that may vie with those of any city in the world, except Rome and Constantinople; and even its antiquarian and artistic remains are seldom equaled or surpassed. At Rome, Florence, or Venice, the tourist talks of old churches, palaces, and remains; at Paris he gives himself up to the boulevards, the theaters, shops, and races. The profoundly instructive history, the profuse antiquarian remains of the great city, are forgotten—current quia vate sacro.—The Spectator.

Millions in Charity.

England's poor rates amounted to over \$85,000,000 last year.

The Greatest Medical Discovery of the Age.

KENNEDY'S Medical Discovery.

DONALD KENNEDY, of ROXBURY, MASS.

Got this Letter day before yesterday.

Penn Yan, N. Y., Nov. 28, 1894.

Your Discovery has done so much for me I am only too glad to tell everybody about my case.

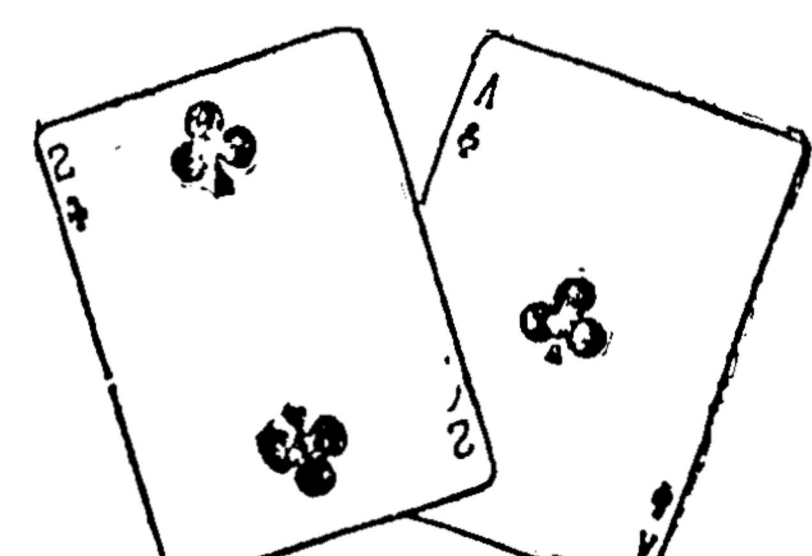
When I began taking it, one year ago last July, I had DYSPEPSIA in its worst form. I was constipated, so much so as to always use injections, and I had a constant PAIN in my STOMACH and LEFT SIDE. My knees were stiff, and I could not sit down on a stool or get down to fix anything on the floor. But now I can sit, or get down on my knees, or do anything in my garden. I feel like a new person. You must know I was discouraged, as I have lost two sisters and an older brother with STOMACH TROUBLE. But I truly believe if they had known of your remedies they would be well, as I am. You can fix up my letter to suit yourself, only do publish it, that women may know what the Discovery has done for me. Yours truly,

Mrs. MARY C. AYRES.

Send a postal card for Dr. Kennedy's book.

P N U 4

'05



The comparative value of these two cards is known to most persons. They illustrate that greater quantity is not always most to be desired.

These cards express the beneficial quality of

Ripans Tablets

As compared with any previously known DYSPEPSIA CURE.

Ripans Tablets: Price, 50 cents a box, Of druggists, or by mail.

RIPANS CHEMICAL CO., 10 Spruce St., N.Y.

W. L. DOUGLAS
\$3 SHOES IS THE BEST FIT FOR A KING.
\$5 CORDOVAN, \$4.95 FINE CALF & KANGAROO, \$3.95 POLICE, 3 SOLES, \$2.95 \$2. WORKINGMEN'S, \$2.50 \$2. BOYS' SCHOOL SHOES, \$2.25 \$2. LADIES' BEST DONGOLA, \$3.25 \$2.50. SEND FOR CATALOGUE. BROOKLYN, N.Y.

Over One Million People wear the W. L. Douglas \$3 & \$4 Shoes. All our shoes are equally satisfactory. They give the best value for the money. They equal custom shoes in style and fit. Their wearing qualities are unsurpassed. The prices are uniform, stamped on sole. From \$1 to \$3 saved over other makes. If your dealer cannot supply you we can.

WALTER BAKER & CO.
The Largest Manufacturers of PURE, HIGH GRADE COCOAS AND CHOCOLATES. On this Continent, have received HIGHEST AWARDS from the great Industrial and Food EXPOSITIONS in Europe and America. Unlike the Dutch Process, no Alkalies or other Chemicals or Dyes are used in any of our preparations. Their action is BREAKFAST COCOA is absolutely pure and soluble, and costs less than one cent a cup. SOLD BY GROCERS EVERYWHERE. WALTER BAKER & CO. DORCHESTER, MASS.

THE ITEM

NEW OXFORD, PA.

FRIDAY EVENING, FEB. 22, 1895.

A WEEK'S NEWS CONDENSED

Thursday, Feb. 14.

At a fire in Lynn, Mass., five firemen were killed by falling walls.

The South Dakota house defeated a senate resolution favoring woman suffrage.

The Illinois Steel company, with its \$30,000,000 capitalization, earned only \$30,607 for its stockholders in 1894.

The Ohio law forbidding the sale of convict-made goods from other states without license was declared unconstitutional by Judge Noble at Cleveland.

Two murderers have just been convicted at Scranton, Pa. Another is on trial and still another awaiting trial while the police are looking for Murderer Winwelski.

Friday, Feb. 15.

The severe weather in London has been the direct cause of a hundred coroner's inquests.

New Orleans citizens were surprised yesterday by a fall of snow eight inches in depth.

Mayor Strong, of New York, appointed Avery D. Andrews to succeed Police Commissioner Sheehan.

A hundred miners at Boyer, Mo., were forced to flee for their lives by the sudden flooding of the mine. They narrowly escaped.

An explosion of powder and gas at Odell, Ill., injured several workmen. One man will probably lose both eyes and another may die.

Two 15-year-old pupils of Jarvis Hall Military academy, at Denver, caused the arrest of President Rev. F. P. Spaulding and the entire faculty for assault.

Saturday, Feb. 16.

Grant Ellis and Lionel Montgomery, boys, were drowned while skating near Hennessey, O. T.

James Jamison, 16 years old, was shot and killed in his father's barn at Gloversville, N. Y. His assailant is not yet known.

Minnie H. Hawley, of Brooklyn, was found dead in a lonely place near Stamford, Conn., having committed suicide by poison.

Preston E. Eagleson, son of a colored barber, took first prize in a college oratorical contest at Bloomington, Ill. His subject was "Abraham Lincoln."

Princess Pauline, the midget on exhibition in New York, died last night. She was nearly 19 years old, but was only seven inches high and weighed eight and a half pounds.

Monday, Feb. 18.

Governor Matthews, of Indiana, denies the report that he has been tendered the Mexican mission.

While Eli Seymour and his wife, of Lowistown, Mich., were attending a dance their three children were burned to death in their home.

Secretary Gresham has sent an urgent request to Hawaii, which will doubtless be granted, for a rehearing in the case of Seward, the condemned American.

At Baton Rouge, La., citizens are witnessing the novel sight of ice floating in the Mississippi river. Only once or twice before has this happened so far south.

Fearful snow storms are prevailing along the Russo-Austrian frontier. The railroads are interrupted and many deaths have been caused by the extreme cold.

Tuesday, Feb. 19.

The contests for United States senator in Delaware and Idaho still continue daily without result.

Charles Jeroleman and Henry Kannouge, 10 years old, were playing in New York when the former was knocked down and killed.

The 100th anniversary of the birth of George Peabody was generally celebrated by the school children throughout the country yesterday.

Alfred Dawson, of Birmingham, Ala., was about to reprimand his 18-year-old daughter with a broomstick, when his son Phil, aged 22, fatally shot the father and fled.

Wednesday, Feb. 20.

The Harvard college faculty has voted to abolish intercollegiate football.

Michigan's legislature passed a bill legislating Detroit's board of health out of office.

The woman suffrage bill passed the assembly of the California legislature by a vote of 45 to 29.

Brazilian revolutionists, well armed and well mounted, are massing in Rio Grande do Sul under Admiral Da Gama.

Oklahoma's legislature passed a bill abolishing all usury laws, and leaving money loaning open to free competition.

General Markets.

PHILADELPHIA, Feb. 19.—Flour steady; winter super, \$2.25; winter extras, \$2.25; No. 2 winter family, \$2.40; Pennsylvania roller straight, \$2.45; western winter clear, \$2.40; wheat, \$1.10; corn, \$1.10; bid and 57½c asked for February; corn dull, unchanged, with 4½c bid and 47½c asked for February; oats, \$1.10; bid and 57½c asked for February; Hay steady, firm; good to choice timothy, \$18.00; 14. Beef dull; beef hams, \$17. Pork quiet.

Butter steady; western dairy, \$2.00; do. creamery, \$1.95; do. factory, \$1.90; butterfat creamery, \$1.85; New York dairy, \$1.80; do. creamery, \$1.75; Pennsylvania creamery, \$1.70; do. factory, \$1.65; do. good to choice, \$2.25; jobbing, \$2.30; Cheese firm; large, \$10.00; small, \$9.00; part skims, \$8.00; full skims, \$7.00; Eggs, \$1.00; New York and Pennsylvania, \$1.00; do. house, \$1.00; western fresh, \$1.00; do. house, \$1.00.

Live Stock Markets.

New York, Feb. 19.—European cables quote American steers at 11½c; per lb. dressed weight; refrigerator beef at 11½c. Cattle steady; poor to prime veal, \$3.50. Sheep and lambs slow; lower; poor to prime sheep, \$4.00; common to prime lambs, \$4.75. Hogs steady; inferior to choice, \$4.00 to \$4.50.

EAST LEBERTY, Pa., Feb. 19.—Cattle active; prime, \$5.50 to \$6.00; good, \$4.00 to \$4.50; bulls, stags and cows, \$3.00 to \$3.50. Hogs steady; Philadelphia, \$4.00 to \$4.50; common to fair Yorkers, \$3.00 to \$3.50; roughs, \$2.00 to \$2.50; sheep, \$3.00 to \$3.50; good, \$3.00 to \$3.50; common to fair, \$2.00 to \$2.50.



HEART DISEASE.

Fluttering, No Appetite, Could not Sleep, Wind on Stomach.

"For a long time I had a terrible pain at my heart, which fluttered almost incessantly. I had no appetite and could not sleep. I would be compelled to sit up in bed and belch gas from my stomach until I thought every minute would be my last. There was a feeling of oppression about my heart, and I was afraid to draw a full breath. I could not sweep a room without resting. My husband induced me to try

Dr. Miles' Heart Cure

and am happy to say it has cured me. I now have a splendid appetite and sleep well. Its effect was truly marvelous."

MRS. HARRY E. STARR, Pottsville, Pa. Dr. Miles Heart Cure is sold on a positive guarantee that the first bottle will benefit. All druggists sell it at \$1.00 per bottle for \$5.00 or it will be sent, prepaid, on receipt of price by the Dr. Miles Medical Co., Elkhart, Ind.

Record Your Deeds.

By examination of the late Act of the Legislature, approved May 16th, A. D. 1893, it will be seen that all Deeds and Conveyances made and executed after the passage of this Act, shall be recorded in the Office for the recording of Deeds, &c., within ninety days, or else be adjudged fraudulent and void as to any subsequent purchaser. All persons holding unrecorded Deeds will see the importance of having them recorded without further delay.

SOLDIERS DISCHARGES, under Act of April 8th, 1868, are not subject to a State tax, and the same will be recorded for the sum of Fifty Cents.

I. LOUIS SOWERS, Recorder.



N. E. Cor. Diamond, New Oxford.

J. W. DICKS

—DEALER IN—

Pure Drugs, Medicines, Chemicals,

Patent Medicines,

Toilet Articles, Choice Perfumery,

Fancy Goods, Fine Stationery

Notions, &c.,

Cigars and Tobacco.

Choice Wines and Liquors,

for medicinal use only.

Careful preparation of prescriptions

Also, Watches, Clocks, Jewelry, Etc.

for Sale. Repairing done and

work guaranteed.

All goods in either department

warranted as represented.

CHAS. H. PURVIS,

COLLECTION OFFICES,

29 W. Fourth St. and 519 Packer St.,

Williamsport, Pa.

Collections made in all parts of the

world

—GOTO—

WILLIAMS, &

LITTLE STOWN AND HAS AVE.,

for your

Monuments, Tombstones

LINTELS,

DOOR SILLS, &c.

I am at all times prepared

to furnish the most beautiful

work in the most beautiful

style at reasonable prices.

My work is done in touch with

Frederick's, Md., and Adams and

York counties. I guarantee my prices

and work to be the most correct and

and work to be the most correct and

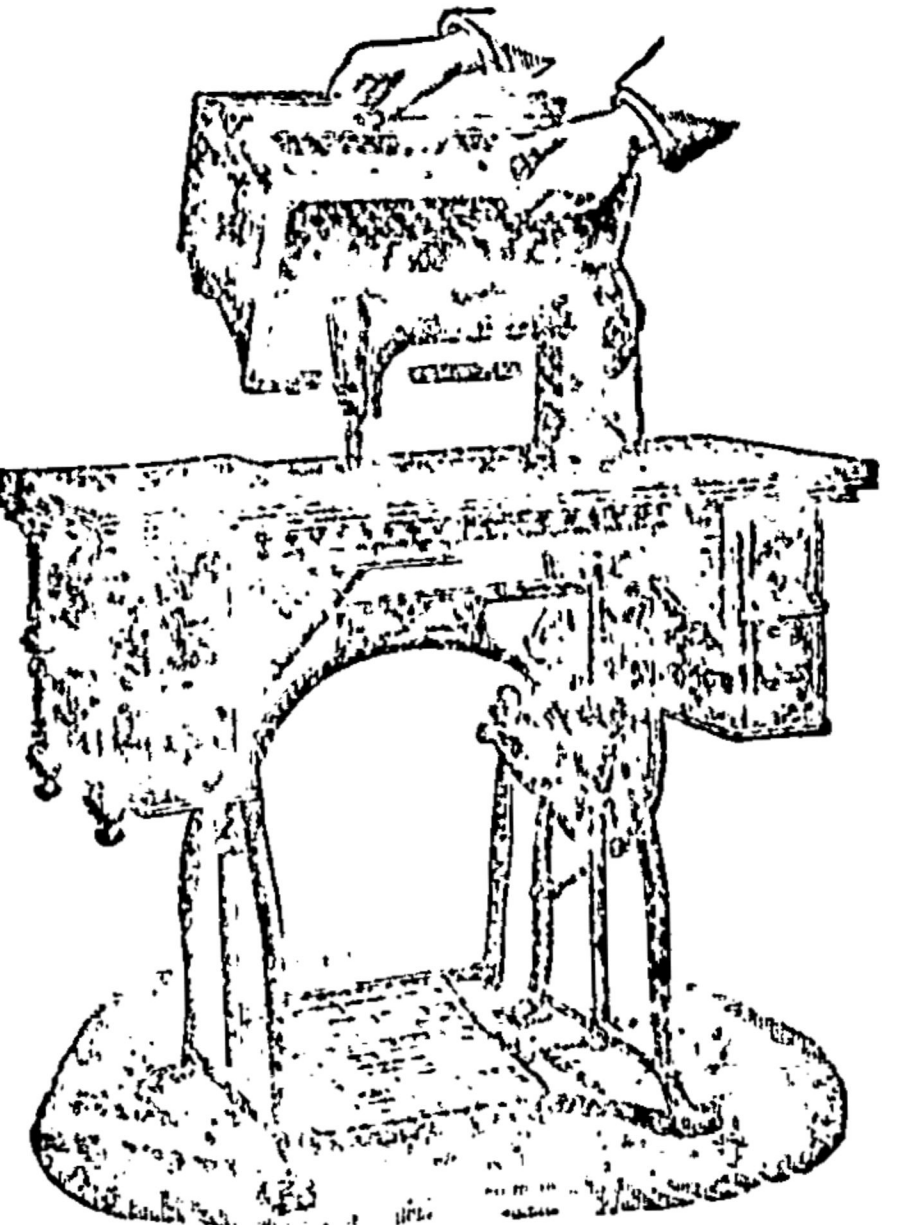
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Wheeler & Wilson

NEW HIGH ARM



SEWING MACHINE.

Sews either CHAIN or LOCK stitch.

The lightest running, most durable, and most popular machine in the world.

SEND FOR CATALOGUE.

AGENTS WANTED.

BEST GOODS. BEST TERMS.

WHEELER & WILSON MFG CO.,

1312 Chestnut St., Philadelphia, Pa.

For sale

—by— O. A. SMITH,

NEW OXFORD, PA.

Don't fail to see our stock of Ladies Coats.

Stock.

T. S. BLOCHER,

—MANUFACTURER OF—

BUGGIES, PHAETONS.

Surries, Dayton Wagons, Extension

Top Carriages, &c., &c.

Repairing a specialty.

LITTLESTOWN, PA.

DR. M. CURBY BURKHARD'S

FEMALE PERIODIC PILLS

LADIES: By special request from patients

at a distance, who can not personally consult

me, and being unable to answer the many cor-

respondents, and furnish at short notice the

Favorite Prescription as used by me during

a practice of twenty-five years, have com-

posed a remedy for Female Irregularities.

The climate of the country, the medical

chemistry attained in

Dr. Burkhard's

Periodical Pills, being

ing a degree stronger

than any known medi-

cine, yet so mild that the feeblest can take

them with perfect security, yet so powerful

in their effects that they can be safely called

a Never-Failing Remedy. Each box con-

tains fifty pills, with full directions enclosed.

Price, Five Dollars per box. Sold by drug-

gists or sent by mail upon receipt of price.

Prepared and bottled by a physician in prac-

tice. Dr. M. Curby Burkhard, the reliable

physician, Office, 107 Park Avenue, Baltimore,

Md. Out this out for future reference.

—AND—

GRAIN

PRODUCE!

Z. M. CASHMAN,

at the Brick Warehouse on Hanover St.

NEW OXFORD, PA.

will buy and sell all kinds of

Wheat, Hay, Straw, Rye, Corn, Oats

Potatoes, Bran, Middlings,

Chop, &c.; Also

THE BEST BRANDS OF FLOUR

Coarse and Fine Salt, &c.

Sellers and buyers will find it to their ad-

vantage to give him a trial. Free delivery to any

part of the borough. 222-Far leaves New Ox-

ford every Thursday afternoon for Baltimore.

Returning, leaves Hillen Station every Friday

at 4 o'clock, p. m. All orders left with him

will receive prompt attention

—AND—

GRAIN and

PRODUCE.

The undersigned, having purchased

the warehouse on PITT STREET, NEW

OXFORD, PA., he will buy all kinds of

GRAIN, such as Wheat, Rye, Oats,

corn, clover and Timothy Seed, Hay

OVERCOATS

—AND—

Winter Suits

—AT—

Great Reduction!

Now is your last opportunity to get goods at such a price. You know our tables must be cleared off for spring stock. This is the only reason for giving such prices.

J. H. MYERS,

TAILOR AND CLOTHIER. * * * * * GETTYSBURG, PENNA.

AT COST!

Now is your chance to save money on just the goods you need.

We have fully determined to reduce our stock of all kinds of

Overcoats, Men's, Boys' and Children's Suits, Ladies' and Misses' Coats and Shawls, Blankets, and lots of other goods.

This is not idle talk—we mean every word of it. Come and see, even if you

don't want to buy. Very respectfully,

SHEELY & BRO.

GREAT REDUCTION

IN SUGAR,

COFFEE

AND SYRUP!

—AT THEO. E. WARNER

GRANULATED SUGAR 4½c; pure sugar syrup 25c. gal.; Atlas coffee 22c. lb.; Enterprise coffee 23c.—very cheap. Just received 4,000 lbs. 3 Crown California raisins at 5c. lb., regular price 7c. Sweet potatoes 30c. per peck. Come at once and try the raisins and syrup, they will not last long.

Theo. E. Warner,

RED FRONT GROCERY.

NEW MEAT STORE!

M. G. COLESTOCK,

has opened a new meat store in MILLER'S BUILDING, CARLISLE ST. NEW OXFORD, PA., and respectfully asks for a share of public patronage. He has at all times, in season, the best of

Beef, Pork, Lamb, Veal, Sausage,

Bologna, &c., &c.

Give him a call—he will treat you right.

—AND—

GRAIN and

PRODUCE.

Z. M. CASHMAN,

at the Brick Warehouse on Hanover St.

NEW OXFORD, PA.

will buy and sell all kinds of

Wheat, Hay, Straw, Rye, Corn, Oats

Potatoes, Bran, Middlings,

Chop, &c.; Also

THE BEST BRANDS OF FLOUR

Coarse and Fine Salt, &c.

Sellers and buyers will find it to their ad-

vantage to give him a trial. Free delivery to any

part of the borough. 222-Far leaves New Ox-

ford every Thursday afternoon for Baltimore.

Returning, leaves Hillen Station every Friday

at 4 o'clock, p. m. All orders left with him

will receive prompt attention

—AND—

GRAIN and

PRODUCE.

The undersigned, having purchased

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OXFORD, PA., he will buy all kinds of

GRAIN, such as Wheat, Rye, Oats,

corn, clover and Timothy Seed, Hay

and straw, &c. &c. Will also keep

full stock of FLOUR, FEEDS, SALT, &c.

—AND—

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—AND—

GRAIN and

PRODUCE.

H. G. LOUGH'S

MONUMENTAL WORKS

Cor. Hanover and High Sts.,

New Oxford, - Penn'a.

I am now prepared to furnish the most

beautiful monuments, both in marble and

granite; head stones, and all kinds of cen-

terary work. Would be pleased to see all my

customers and friends come to my new shop.

I guarantee my work to suit all persons, and

my prices to suit the times. All orders are

promptly attended to. E. G. LOUGH.

—AND—

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